

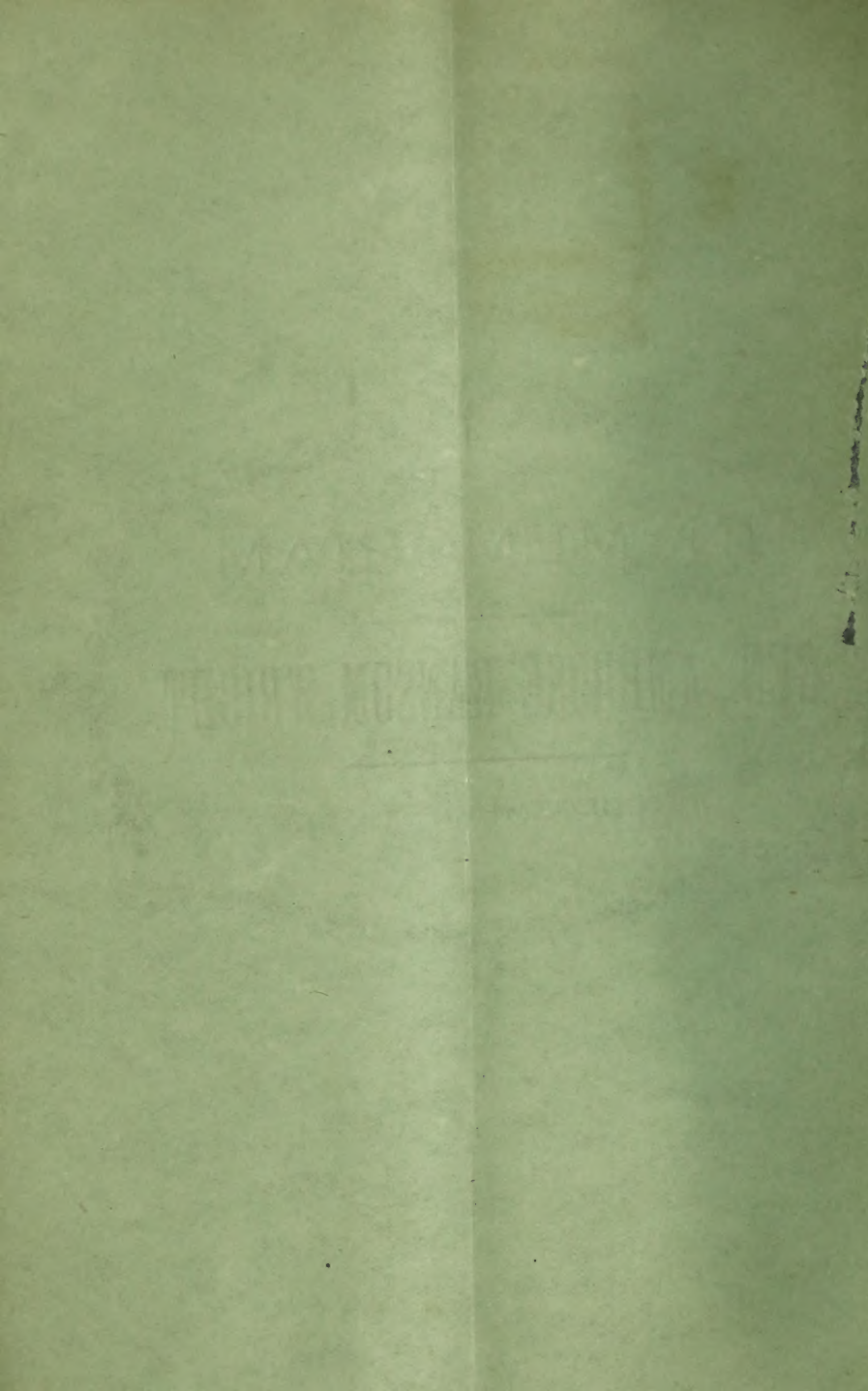
IN MEMORIAM.

---

GEN. AMBROSE RANSOM WRIGHT.

---

DIED DECEMBER 21st, 1872.

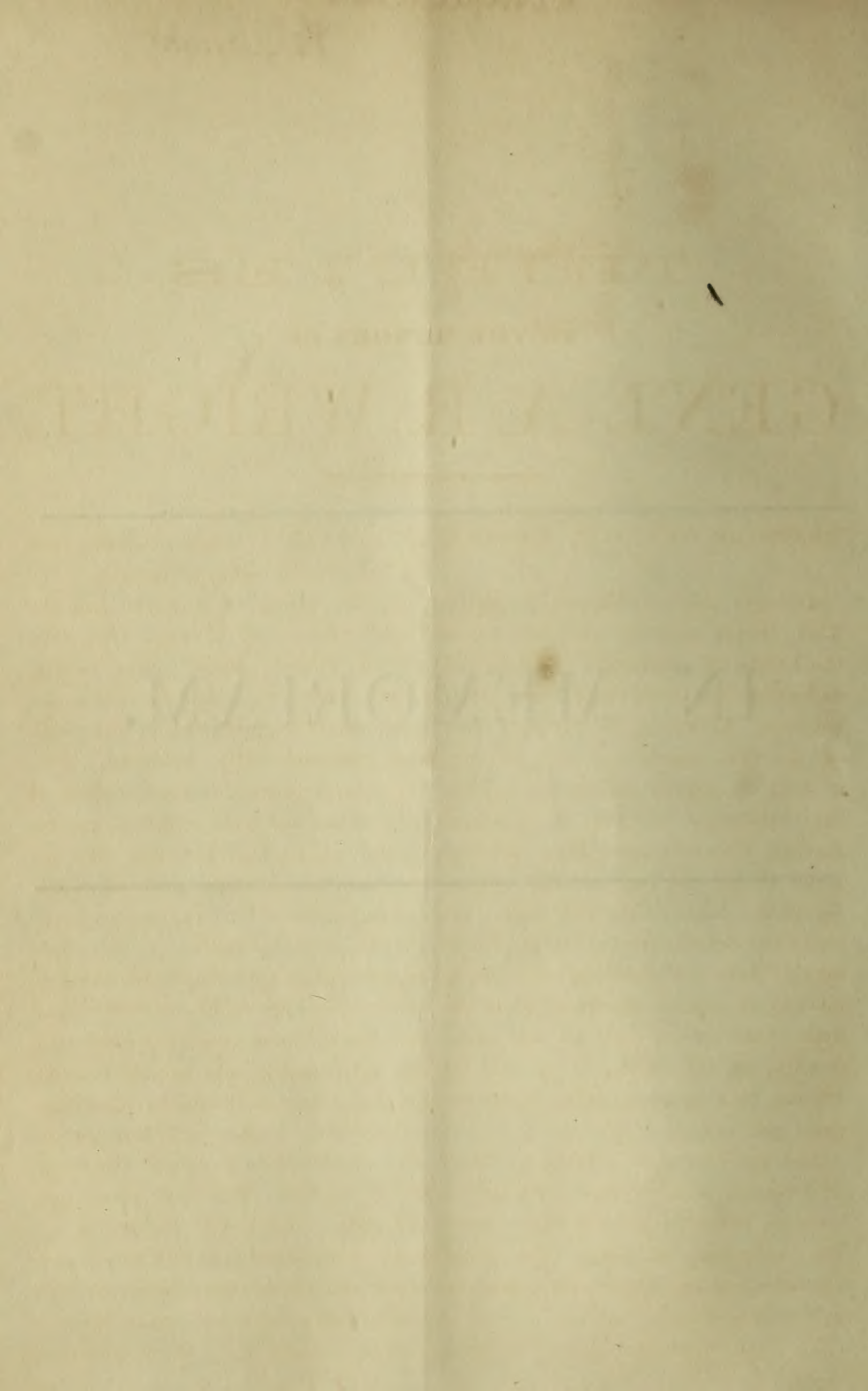


compliments  
H. W. Wright

---

IN MEMORIAM.

---





11.

# TRIBUTES

## TO THE MEMORY OF

# GEN'L A. R. WRIGHT.

---

### DEATH OF GEN. A. R. WRIGHT.

---

AMBROSE RANSOM WRIGHT IS DEAD! This simple announcement will touch the hearts of thousands of Georgians and many who dwell beyond our State confines. At ten o'clock Saturday, just as the sun, which had hid his face so long in cloudy realms, burst forth into effulgence, the soul of AMBROSE RANSOM WRIGHT passed from the material to the spiritual world. Let us accept the token of the sun, and trust that this our brother, who had done such manly duty in dark and evil days, has merely spurned the trappings of the flesh; that serious loss to this community, to this State, to a host of friends, to a stricken family, is infinite great gain to him.

And yet how poor a thing to those who remain is all human consolation, however pathetic, however true! Into the chamber of death the great Healer alone can enter with power as well as tenderness.

To Him alone must those dear ones

who called him husband and father look for balm which comes of Heaven.

To the people of Augusta and the Eighth District of Georgia, this blow will be heavy indeed. How fondly, how proudly, we looked forward to the day, when, the aspiration of his youth and manhood fully achieved, Gen. Wright should stand in the Congress of these States and make eloquently voiceful the spirit of *old Georgia*. We felt that his noble physical presence would command admiration; and that his sonorous utterance, his fertile wit, his ready argumentation, his matchless sarcasm, his dramatic power, his executive gesture, his apt knowledge, his commanding individuality, his gallant bearing, his gladiatorial skill—the sword of Marcellus and the buckler of Fabius—would cause the North to hear, and the South to feel uplifted. This is what we hoped, and this is not to be. Saddest of sad words—*this is not to be!* The vigorous brain, which fashioned so many brilliant fancies and pondered so many majestic thoughts, is still and cold and pulseless.

It makes music no more. The strong arm which moved meteor-like on the red field of war is stiff and motionless. The tongue which charmed us all betimes in the gatherings of party, in the hustings of the political arena, before the austere forum of Justice, in social relaxation, in so many places and in such infinite variety—that marvellous tongue gives forth no sound, forevermore. Those fingers which grasped the pen when the sword had been sheathed, only to become mightier than the sword; those fingers which, moving so many men to so many deeds of high emprise, till Georgia, redeemed from the mountain range to the stormy Atlantic, hailed him as a chief and deliverer—those fingers are nerveless; and the pen, the wonder-working pen, has fallen upon the fallen sword.

And does nothing, then, remain but death, now that Wright is dead? And are those matchless qualities which once were his as perishable as the frame that shrined them! No! A thousand times, no. They all remain as precious memorials, as beacon-lights for the future, as

eternal protests of trampled right against victorious wrong. They belong to Georgia's most glorious as well as her most gloomy era. That which was physical will go to dust, to the generations of the tomb. But in mind and in spirit he *will* survive.

"These shall resist the empire of decay  
When time is o'er and worlds have passed  
away,  
Deep in its cell the perished heart may lie,  
But that which warmed it once can never die!"

The appalling shock paralyzes our pen. From the depths of profound grief expression becomes unutterable. To trace by line and lineament the life of our friend and associate is beyond the powers of muscle, brain and thought. To others, or to another time, we must trust the last sad tribute of affection and esteem—to make up the record of our loss—to perpetuate the memory of his virtues—to linger in the noble recollections of an upright man, an honest citizen, a true Georgian, a true Christian, a great mind,

To-day but let the funeral bell toll the requiem of grief.

AMBROSE RANSOM WRIGHT was born on the twenty-sixth day of April, 1826, in the town of Louisville, Jefferson county, Georgia. He was the oldest son of Ambrose Wright, a wealthy planter, who married Sarah Hammond, of Baldwin county. When between fourteen and fifteen years of age, he left school and commenced the study of law in the office of Hon. Herschel V. Johnson. Endowed with a fine mind, he made the most rapid progress in study. When

not quite seventeen years of age, he married Miss Mary H. Savage, a daughter of Dr. William Savage, of Augusta, and half sister of Miss Anne Polk, the wife of Governor Johnson.

After their marriage, the young couple were thrown entirely upon their own resources. It was then that the indomitable energy and the untiring industry of the man were made apparent. Undismayed by poverty, and undaunted by privation, he went



resolutely to work upon a small tract of land. His wife and himself lived in a rude cabin. His days were spent in active toil upon the farm—often himself following the plow, and using the hoe or axe. His nights he passed at home, reading or studying law by the blazing light of a pine-knot fire. His persevering labors had their reward in the success of a comfortable living. After being admitted to the bar, he determined to practice law in Southwest Georgia—a country which had the same attractions for young men in those days as the great West has in our own time—and moved to Dooly county. His new home proved so unhealthy that he did not remain there but came back to Jefferson. In 1850 his father died, leaving himself and his brother and sister a competency. He now commenced actively the practice of law in Louisville—the county town of Jefferson—and soon obtained a fine practice.—He entered politics as a member of the Democratic party, and was a candidate for the Legislature on that ticket, but was defeated by seventeen votes. When the American party was formed some years later, he joined that organization, and acted with it until its dissolution. In the early part of 1854 he lost the wife whom he so dearly loved. Two years after the Presidential contest came on, and he was made an elector on the Fillmore ticket for the State at Large. In this capacity he stumped the middle and upper portion of the State, and made great reputation for himself on the hustings. His was the eloquence, the ready wit, the quick retort, the apt illustration, the pointed anecdote, the convincing argument, which make up the successful stump-speaker, and which drew immense crowds. In the latter part of the succeeding year he married his second wife, Miss Carrie C. Hazlehurst, daughter of Robert Hazlehurst, Esq., of Brunswick, Ga. While in Brunswick he was

employed with Gen. Francis Bartow, of Savannah, in the somewhat celebrated Styles case—representing the prisoner and procuring his acquittal. In 1858 he was the nominee of his party for Congress from the Eighth District, running against Hon. J. J. Jones, of Burke, who was the candidate of the Democrats in place of the Hon. Alexander H. Stephens. Party feeling ran high, and the campaign was conducted with great bitterness on both sides. Gen. Wright carried into the contest all his talents, his energy and his vigor, and, though struggling without hope of success, made a gallant fight. He was defeated, of course, but the immense majority which Mr. Stephens left was greatly reduced. In the month of January, 1859, General Wright determined to seek a wider and more inviting field, and moved from Jefferson to Richmond county, where he formed a copartnership with Judge William Gibson, and continued the practice of his profession. In the Presidential campaign of that year he was a warm supporter of the Bell and Everett, or Union ticket, as it was termed.

Upon the result of this election General Wright—always an ardent Southern and States Rights man—believing the liberties of his section imperilled, thought the South should withdraw from the Union, and was an earnest advocate of secession. When the Constitutional Convention of Georgia passed the ordinance of secession, it also appointed him a Commissioner to Maryland, and Gov. H. V. Johnson Commissioner to Virginia, for the purpose of inducing those States to secede and cast their fortunes with their Southern sisters. He visited Maryland, but accomplished nothing. He found the people of the State, almost to a man, in favor of secession, but the artful manœuvring of their Executive, Governor Hicks, prevented their voice from being heard until their State was over-run with sol-

diers, and they were delivered up, bound hand and foot, to the Federal Government. Failing in his mission, General Wright returned to Augusta, and began to prepare for the storm of war which was about to burst upon the country. One of the first regiments to leave the State was the "Third Georgia," composed of companies from Augusta and Middle Georgia. In one of these companies, the "Confederate Light Guards," he enlisted as a private, in the month of April, 1861. Soon afterwards the regiment was ordered to Portsmouth, Virginia. Here an election for field officers was held, and he was chosen Colonel, defeating Foster Blodgett, who ran for the same position. The regiment was attached to the brigade of Gen. Albert G. Blanchard, who commanded the post. A camp of instruction was formed to fit the men for active service, and General Wright exhibited the talent and capacity in military which he had displayed in civil affairs. Indeed, he seemed especially fitted for military pursuits. He applied himself thoroughly, and books of tactics, and military treatises were studied as closely as legal and political writers had been in time of peace. He was tall, finely formed, of commanding appearance, and looked every inch a soldier. He was a rigid disciplinarian—neglecting no duty and disobeying no command himself, he permitted neither neglect nor disobedience with those under him. In the Fall of 1861 his regiment first saw service. The 18th Indiana was encamped upon an island or the banks off the coast of North Carolina, called Chicamomico. It was known that they possessed a large quantity of stores, and the Confederate authorities determined to attack them. An expedition was fitted out, consisting of a small Confederate steamer and three companies of the Third Georgia, the whole under the command of General Wright. Under his direction it proved a complete success. A Federal steamer,

the *Fanny*, was captured, loaded with large quantities of munitions of war and provisions. A landing was effected on Chicamomico, and the enemy attacked. After making a short stand they were defeated, and retreated in great confusion through the marshes, losing a number of men in killed and wounded and abandoning several hundred stands of arms. In this affair General Wright behaved with conspicuous coolness and gallantry, and won the confidence of officers and men. While the enemy were retreating and the Confederates were in pursuit, General Wright rode alone to a squad of four, who had been cut off in a small marsh, and demanded their surrender. They had thrown away their guns, but replied with pistol shots, which killed his horse. Rapidly disengaging himself, he threw his arm around the neck of the soldier nearest him and, holding a pistol over the shoulder of his living breastwork, he compelled the surrender of the others. His conduct and his generalship on this occasion were complimented in the highest terms in the report of General Blanchard.

After this fight the regiment returned to Portsmouth, where it remained all the Winter, and its commander was re-elected Colonel without opposition. In the Spring of 1862 he was a second time entrusted with a separate command, and again showed himself a soldier.

In the month of April, 1862, Gen. Wright was placed in command of a force, consisting of his own regiment, a small number of North Carolina militia, fourteen pieces of artillery and a company of Southampton cavalry, and sent to South Mills, on the North Carolina coast, to meet a threatened expedition of the enemy. On the morning of the 19th the enemy, consisting of the 9th, 21st and 89th New York, 21st Massachusetts, 6th New Hampshire and 51st Pennsylvania, under command of Gen. Reno, approached from Camden Court



House. Gen. Wright advanced to meet them and selected an admirable position to await their attack. His force was formed on Sawyer's Lane, a narrow causeway leading through a swamp. A large ditch, some distance in front of the line, was filled with rails which were set on fire in order that it might not be occupied by the enemy. His own men were protected by rails, and the artillery placed in the road just where it emerged from the woods. The enemy made his appearance and commenced the attack at twelve o'clock, endeavoring to storm the Confederate position and relying on their superior numbers for success. They were beaten back, but again renewed the charge and were a second time defeated. Four times within three hours they advanced upon the works and four times were they repulsed with heavy slaughter. "At four o'clock"—we quote from the official report of Gen. Huger, commanding the department of Norfolk—"the enemy deployed in the open field and bore down rapidly, but the heavy fire of musketry caused them to waver and they fled back to the fence. Three regiments of the enemy and a field piece were in the centre, and the 9th New York regiment on the right. The fire was now brisk from one end of the line to the other, and the enemy were held in check, when just at this moment the captain of the artillery was killed and his men became panic stricken and left the field. Col. Wright succeeded in rallying them, getting two pieces and a few men in position, and the enemy had now advanced so close that canister was fired on them with effect and they again fell back. After this the ammunition in the limber boxes became exhausted and the artillery left the field. The enemy made another assault, but the steady fire of the infantry at close distance—fifty yards—caused them to break in confusion." Thus ended the battle and at night-fall the enemy retreated to the protection of their gun-

boats. The position was held against fearful odds for more than five hours and the enemy's loss in killed, wounded and prisoners exceeded the whole force of Confederates engaged in the action.

A short time after this Gen. Wright engaged in an expedition which more than any feat of arms attested his devotion to country, and his willingness to brave even an ignominious death while in her service. A heavy force of the enemy occupied Elizabeth City and it became of the utmost importance to the Confederate commander to ascertain their numbers and intentions. In the emergency Gen. Wright and Maj. Lee, of the Third Georgia, volunteered to perform this dangerous duty. Leaving the Confederate camp late in the afternoon, disguised as civilians they eluded the enemy's pickets and entered the town, where they were mistaken for citizens. They remained there for several hours, mixing and conversing freely with the Federal soldiery, from whom they obtained the information which was desired. Late in the night they made their way out of the lines—where they would have received instant death had they been recognized—and rejoined in safety the Confederate forces.

Soon after the affair of South Mills he returned to Virginia and was in the retreat from the Peninsular before the army of McClellan. Some time in June, and shortly after the army centred near Richmond for the "seven days' fights, he received his commission as a Brigadier-General in the Confederate army as a reward for his services at South Mills. His command was attached to the division of General Huger and participated in the engagements of Seven Pines, Frasier's Farm, Gaines' Mill, Malvern Hill and the James River Landing. In each of these engagements he behaved with his accustomed bravery and rendered the most efficient service to the Confederate cause. At Malvern Hill his brigade

made a charge which was complimented in the highest terms. His brigade followed the enemy on his retreat into Maryland and took part in the second battle of Manassas, where his son and staff officer, Lieutenant W. A. Wright, lost a leg. In the bloody contest of Sharpsburg he fought gallantly with his brigade, and was wounded in two places—in the breast and leg—and had his horse shot from under him. He was carried from the field upon a litter, and, after the army reached Virginia, came home on a furlough, remaining only long enough for his wounds to heal. In November he returned to Virginia and was assigned to Anderson's Division, A. P. Hill's corps. In the seven or eight days' fighting at Chancellorsville, in May, 1863, the brigade was actively engaged. On the second of May it commenced the fight on the Plank Road, driving the enemy from and capturing a line of breastworks. On Sunday morning the fight was renewed on the left of the Plank Road, and Wright's Brigade, supported by Posey and Perry, made the attack. The enemy was driven back to their breastworks, out of the first line into the second and then out of the second. In this engagement a portion of the Third Georgia captured a Federal regiment (including Colonel, Lieutenant Colonel, Major, and Adjutant) who surrendered with guns in their hands. On the day following, Anderson's division and Early's charged the enemy in position on the river road (Wright's brigade in advance) and routed them. This charge was made under the eye of General Lee, who directed the movement and complimented the troops in the highest manner. In this engagement General Wright was wounded in the knee by a piece of shrapnel. He went with the army into Pennsylvania during the Summer following, and took part in the battle of Gettysburg. Of

his conduct there, General Lee, in his official report, speaks as follows:

The enemy occupied a strong position with his right upon two commanding elevations adjacent to each other—one southeast and the other, known as Cemetery Hill, immediately south of the town which lay at its base. His line extended thence upon the high ground along the Emmettsburg road, with a steep ridge in the rear, which was also occupied. This ridge was difficult of ascent, particularly the two hills above mentioned as forming its northern extremity, and a third at the other end on which the enemy's left rested.—Numerous stone and rail fences along the slope served to afford protection to his troops, to impede our advance. In his front the ground was undulating and generally open for about three-quarters of a mile. Hill's corps faced the west of Cemetery Hill, and extended nearly parallel to the Emmettsburg road, making an angle with Ewell's. Pender's division formed his left, Anderson his right, Heth's, under Brigadier-General Pettigrew, being in reserve. It was determined to make the principal attack upon the enemy's left, and endeavor to gain a position from which it was thought that our artillery could be brought to bear with effect. Longstreet was directed to place the divisions of McLaws and Hood on the right of Hill, partly enveloping the enemy's left, which he was to drive in. General Hill was ordered to threaten the enemy's centre to prevent re-inforcements being drawn to either wing, and to co-operate with the right division in Longstreet's attack. General Ewell was directed to make a simultaneous demonstration upon the enemy's right, to be converted into a real attack should opportunity offer. About 4 p. m. Longstreet's batteries opened, and soon afterwards Hood's division, on the extreme right, moved to the attack. McLaws followed somewhat later, four of Anderson's brigades—those of Wilcox, Perry, Wright and Posey—supporting him on the left, in the order named. The enemy was soon driven from his position on the Emmettsburg road to the cover of a ravine and a line of stone fences at the foot of the ridge in the rear. He was dislodged from these after a severe struggle and retired up the ridge, leaving a number of his batteries in our possession. Wilcox's and Wright's brigades ad-



vanced with great gallantry, breaking successive lines of the enemy's infantry and compelling him to abandon much of his artillery. Wilcox reached the foot and Wright *gained the crest of the ridge itself, driving the enemy down the opposite side*; but having become separated from McLaws, and gone beyond the other two brigades of the division, they were attacked in front and on both flanks and compelled to retire, being unable to bring off any of the captured artillery. McLaws' left also fell back, and, it being nearly dark, General Longstreet determined to await the arrival of General Pickett. Four pieces of artillery, several hundred prisoners and two regimental flags were taken.

After the retreat began, Wright's brigade still farther distinguished itself. General Ewell having been detained in the valley, General Wright's command was left to guard Manassas Gap until he could arrive. In this position they were attacked by an army corps of the enemy, which they held in check until Ewell's command arrived in safety. General Ewell exclaimed on the field that this brigade had made "the best fight of the war." Prior to Gettysburg, General Wright and staff, while riding in advance of the division, entered a little town in Maryland and were ambushed by a party of the enemy's cavalry—dressed in butternut suits—under the command of Lieutenant Martindale. The General and all of his staff escaped except his son, Lieutenant Wright, who was captured (not being able to ride rapidly on account of the loss of his leg at Manassas the year preceeding) and kept at Johnson's Island for more than twelve months.

In the Fall of 1863 General Wright ran for the State Senate and was elected. In November of that year he took his seat in Milledgeville and was a candidate for President of the Senate. His opponent was Mr. Chambers, of Columbus, and after seventeen successive ballots—there being a tie on every ballot—General Wright was elected. As a Senator he was an ardent advocate of every

measure tending to strengthen the General Government and maintain the war vigorously, and bitterly opposed the attacks upon the cause made by those who, in their zeal for the forms of constitutional government were, without design perhaps, weakening our cause. He supported warmly Governor Johnson (who was elected) for the Senate against Gen. Toombs. Upon the adjournment of the Legislature he returned to the front and resumed command of his brigade. In the campaigns of the Spring and Summer of 1864, beginning at the Wilderness and ending in front of Petersburg, General Wright behaved with his usual conspicuous gallantry, and in one brilliant movement, executed by him in front of Petersburg, he stormed and captured a line of the enemy's entrenchments, turned and doubled up the flank of one of their army corps, and captured more prisoners than there were men in his brigade.

At the close of this campaign a serious illness compelled him to return to Georgia, and he was placed in command of the post of Augusta. In the Fall of 1864 President Davis sent him his commission as a Major General, and he was assigned to the command of a division in Savannah, under Lieutenant General Hardee. He was present at the siege of and retreat from Savannah, and then followed Gen. Joseph E. Johnston into North Carolina, where the surrender took place. He returned to Augusta only in time to assist in saving the city from sack and destruction. The town was filled with needy paroled soldiers on their way home, who, exasperated by recent privations, determined to gut the stores of the city and help themselves to their contents. A raid was made, several stores were broken open and plundered, and the ruin of the town seemed certain, when General Wright and a few resolute men interposed. He took a position in front of the mob, calling upon the soldiers of Bob



Lee to rally to his support, and implored the crowd to hear him; and perhaps the best and most effective speech of his life was the one delivered from the top of a tree-box on Broad street to the mob of maddened soldiers and infuriated women which surged beneath. It had its effect. The mob hesitated, then listened, then reflected, and the city was saved.

When war came it found him in a lucrative practice and easy circumstances. When it had passed, it left him with his practice destroyed, himself impoverished—his property all swept away except the home in which he lived. For six months he worked as he had done in early life, laboring with his own hands, and earning a living for his family. In the beginning of 1866 he reopened his law office in Augusta, and renewed his copartnership with Judge Gibson, which lasted until the latter went upon the bench. In March, 1866, Henry Moore, Esq., purchased the CHRONICLE AND SENTINEL, and his friend, General Wright, became one of the editors of the paper. Through the mismanagement of the former owner, the paper had lost its old standing, and its circulation had been reduced to almost nothing. General Wright was widely known, had numerous army friends scattered over the State, was personally popular, attended the Courts of the Circuit, and mixed with the people. Subscribers were rapidly procured, and with subscribers came other business, until the enterprise stood upon a firm and flourishing footing. The CHRONICLE AND SENTINEL and its editors defended the cause of the Southern people promptly, and with ardor. In the troublous times of reconstruction and military rule—when public men were frightened and party leaders dumb—the CHRONICLE never ceased to denounce despots and despotisms, to protest against the usurpations of a revolutionary Congress, or to expose and

hold up to public indignation and contempt the miserable crew of bummers, scalawags and carpet-baggers, and other political vermin, who overran Georgia and the South. This journal made itself hated and feared; but it could neither be bribed nor intimidated; and its thunders never ceased while Right lay prostrate and Wrong occupied the place of power. In every movement against corruption the CHRONICLE was a leader, and continued its warfare until Georgia was rid of the foul incubus of Radicalism which had oppressed her, and stood forth before the world, disenthralled.

In January, 1871, General Wright was a candidate for United States Senator in the Democratic Legislative caucus, together with Hon. H. V. M. Miller, Gen. P. B. M. Young, Hon. T. M. Norwood and others. After an exciting contest, which was finally narrowed to himself and Mr. Norwood, the latter received the nomination and was elected. In the Summer of 1872 General Wright was sent to the State Convention of the Democracy, and by the latter body elected a delegate from the State at Large to the Baltimore Convention. There he favored the nominees, but voted against the platform of the Cincinnati movement. In the State Convention of August, he was Chairman of the Committee on Resolutions, and reported the platform upon which the Democracy went into the campaign, and gained such a brilliant victory in October. When the Congressional Convention met in this city he received the nomination for Congress from the Eighth District. He had the hardest race in the State before him, having not only to encounter the Republican nominee, Mr. P. Clayton, but also Gen. Toombs' son-in-law, Gen. DuBose, who ran as a "Straight-out." When Gen. DuBose entered the field, it was believed by almost every one that he would take away enough

white votes to secure the election of Clayton. General Wright never lost faith in the justice of his cause or felt alarm for the result. But while relying much upon his cause he relied equally upon himself, and at once commenced an active, a protracted and an exhaustive canvass. He threw his whole soul into the contest, "stumping" every county in the District, speaking every day with all his eloquence in behalf of the Democratic and Liberal party, and making hundreds of friends wherever he went. On election day his expectations were realized. Despite the bitter opposition of political opponents and the malicious warfare of personal enemies, he defeated his two antagonists in every county in the District but one, beat them both put together in most of them, and was elected by nearly three thousand five hundred majority. Four weeks ago he was confined to his house but not his bed, by a slight indisposition. A week before his death his illness assumed a serious form. On last Thursday he grew rapidly worse, and on Saturday morning the soldier and the patriot sank peacefully and calmly into that long, last sleep which knows no waking, while the wife and children so dear to his heart knelt around the couch of death and prayed to the God of Heaven to receive the soul of him they so fondly loved.

Such is a brief and necessarily imperfect outline of the life of General Wright. During his career he filled many important positions, and the fact that he achieved distinction in all of them is certainly evidence of the man's great genius and wonderful abilities. As a lawyer he had few peers at the bar. His knowledge of the law was deep and profound, while the quickness of his mind was something really wonderful. He entered into a case with his whole soul, and made his client's cause his own. His speeches in the Court House were eloquent, earnest and effective ap-

peals, full of close reasoning and convincing logic. As an editor, he had the rare gift of being able to write for the people. His articles were terse and to the point, and carried conviction by the sincerity which pervaded them. No man could write more strongly—no man could write more effectively. As a soldier there was not his superior among the civilians who entered the army. He early won the confidence of his men, and never forfeited it. They did not hesitate to follow, because they knew he did not fear to lead. Cool and intrepid, he never missed seeing his opportunity, and never failed to improve it. He was strict without being tyrannical, firm without being harsh, resolute without being obstinate. In private life he was an exemplar of all the domestic virtues. To the world he often appeared reserved and formal, but his friends and his family knew that under a seemingly cold exterior there beat a warm heart, full of tenderness and love. Where he loved, he loved deeply and confided implicitly. There was nothing which he would not do to promote the welfare and secure the happiness of those who had his affection, no error which he would not forget, no fault which he would not forgive. He had his imperfections, but the perfect man has not lived. He had his passions and his prejudices, too, and the frailties of human nature, for he was but mortal. But he had virtues enough to atone for them all. His faults, like spots upon the sun, which make its brightness greater, served only to lend additional lustre to the dazzling splendor of his fame. Clad in the livery of liberty, in the livery of a cause which he loved better than life itself—for on a hundred battle fields he offered his life in its behalf—he sleeps in the quiet city of the dead. Cut down in his prime—in the very noon-tide of his life—he yet died with honors thick upon him; died after drinking deeper of the cup of fame than men who lived to twice his years;

died after many noble deeds and glorious sacrifices; died having the love and the respect of all good men; died leaving his name as a part of the history of his country. And yet he is not dead!

He has out-soared the shadow of our night;  
 Envy and hate and calumny and pain,  
 And that unrest, which men miscall delight,  
 Shall trouble not, shall torture not again.  
 From the contagion of the world's slow stain  
 He is secure. And now shall never mourn  
 A heart grown cold, a head grown gray in vain.  
 Nor when the Spirit's self has ceased to burn  
 With sparkless ashes load an unlamented urn.

### OBSEQUIES OF GENERAL A. R. WRIGHT.

In less than an hour after the spirit of General Wright had taken its flight for the land

"Beyond the river,"

The sad intelligence had reached every circle in this city, and the uniform exclamation was: What a loss to his family—this community, and State!

The morning papers were eagerly sought in order to ascertain the hour appointed for the funeral services—12:30, p. m. By high noon vast crowds began to wend their way to the late residence of the deceased.

Numbers, both white and colored, passed solemnly around the remains of the departed chieftain and statesman, looking for the last time here, in grief and in sympathy, upon the face which, in life, never turned from duty, and in the icy embrace of death bore the impress of resignation.

At about 1 o'clock, p. m., the procession having been formed on McIntosh street, moved off in the following order:

Sabre Club, Lieut. John W. Clark, commanding.

City Police, Chief J. A. Christian, commanding.

Oglethorpe Infantry, Capt. W. Daniel, commanding.

Confederate soldiers, from various commands, under Maj. S. H. Crump.

Clinch Rifles, Lieut. S. H. Rowland, commanding.

Irish Volunteers, Capt. William Mulherin, commanding.

Fire Department, under command of Assistant Chief J. J. Moore.

The whole under the command of Maj. J. V. H. Allen, with Major S. H. Crump as Aid, furnishing the military escort.

Webb and Social Lodges of Masons.

Carriage with the officiating clergyman, Rev. W. H. Clark, Rector of St. Paul's Church.

The hearse with the remains of the deceased.

Carriages with pall bearers—Hon. J. T. Shewmake, General Kershaw, Hon. R. H. May, Henry Moore, Esq., Major J. B. Cumming, Colonel Claiborne Snead, J. C. C. Black, Esq., Alex. Philip, Esq., Captain J. K. Evans, and Patrick Walsh, Esq.

Carriages with family and relatives of the deceased.

Members of the Bar of Richmond county.

City Council of Augusta.

Citizens generally.

Carriages.

At every crossing on the dolorous way to the City of the Dead crowds of white and colored persons assembled to pay mute respect to one who had fearlessly and faithfully illustrated Georgia wherever and whenever duty called.

The Sabbath, in its impressive quietude, appeared a fitting day for the burial of our lamented fellow-citizen. The sun shone out in all his splendor, but the gloom which the General's death



caused seemed to rob his rays of their effulgence.

Among the distinguished citizens present to pay the last sad tribute to the memory of the deceased, were Gov. Chas. J. Jenkins, Bishop Quintard, of Tennessee, Gov. Herschel V. Johnson, Gen. Toombs, Gen. Kershaw, of South Carolina, W. Hope Hull, Esq., Judge Gould, Hon. H. W. Hillard, James Gardner, Esq., Judge Gibson, Judge Hook, Judge Twiggs, and others whose names we do not now recall.

At the grave, the Rev. W. H. Clarke

concluded the impressive services commenced at the house. Then the Masonic Brotherhood performed the last rites of that noble organization, of which the deceased was an honored member. These services were, in a melancholy sense, deeply interesting, and were, in spirit at least, feelingly participated in by the multitude present.

The whole heart of our community goes out in the most profound sorrow for the dead, and in the most earnest sympathy for the living who are left to mourn a husband, father and friend.

## IN MEMORIAM.

It is with a sad and sorrowful heart that we publish from our exchanges, the following tributes to our late associate, General A. R. Wright. Cut off in the midst of his usefulness, in the prime of his intellectual manhood, with a brilliant career just opening before him, his death is a calamity to this community—to this State that he has loved and honored so much—an irreparable loss to his stricken family, and a crushing blow to his associates in this journal :

[From the Constitutionalist.]

DEATH OF GEN. AMBROSE R. WRIGHT.

This event has produced a deeply saddening effect upon this community.—Throughout Georgia, and among all the brave soldiers who followed his gallant lead, and served under the Confederate flag with him on many of the most hotly contested fields of the war, the announcement of Gen. Wright's death will be received with sorrowful emotions.—Early enlisted in the war as a private in the Confederate Light Guards, Gen. Wright was soon elected Colonel of his regiment, the Third Georgia, and by his gallantry, military talents and fidelity to duty, was first promoted Brigadier Gen-

eral, then Major General in the service.—He served on many sanguinary fields, and was severely wounded in one of the bloodiest battles of the war. Disabled by his wounds, Gen. Wright returned home, and was elected to the State Senate, and President of the Senate, serving one term in that high office. At the close of the war he became a resident of Augusta, where he resumed and continued in the active practice of his profession until his last illness. Of distinguished legal abilities and fine oratorical powers, he maintained a high rank at the bar, and achieved marked success as a lawyer.

Superadded to his professional labors, he filled, with much talent, tact and good judgment, the responsible position of Editor-in-Chief of the *Augusta CHRONICLE & SENTINEL*, one of the foremost dailies of the South. He had but recently completed an arduous and triumphant canvass as Democratic candidate for Congress in the Eighth Congressional District, during which he labored incessantly, and made brilliant and effective speeches in every county in the District. His election in November by a very decisive majority was a splendid tribute to his abilities, and proof of public confidence in his fitness for the position.

Gen. Wright was a native of Jefferson county, Ga., where he commenced his professional career and became early distinguished by his oratory, his legal acumen, and close attention to professional business. He moved to Richmond county about fourteen years ago, and has been during that period one of our most active and influential citizens.

Thus has fallen, in the meridian of a conspicuous career, one who seemed, in all human calculation, destined to a brilliant and prosperous future. Had Providence spared him awhile longer to his constituents and his State, he would have marked his name yet higher in the role of the distinguished men of Georgia. He would have taken at once high rank in the National Councils, and won for himself a name of which his family, his friends, and the people of Georgia would have been proud.

Alas ! curbed in his high career, he is cut down by remorseless disease. After days of severe suffering, he has sunk to rest. No clash of arms—no political turmoil disturbs him now.

"After life's fitful fever he sleeps well."

A long train of sorrowing friends will attend the last sad obsequies, and mingle their sympathies in this great public loss, and this sad bereavement to his stricken family.

[From the Savannah Republican.]

GEN. AMBROSE RANSOM WRIGHT.

Our telegraphic dispatch announces the death of this distinguished journalist and gallant soldier. One by one the old landmarks that point our eyes to the contemplation of the past glories of our State are fading, and new forms arise and give a different air and coloring to the pile. And now, at one fell stroke, one of the fairest statues that ornamented the dome of our nobility has been prostrated—never to be restored.

Gen. Wright was a lawyer by profession, and he had won no scanty laurels at the bar. At the call of his State, he led forth to battle the boys of the 3d Georgia Regiment. A strict disciplinarian, a prompt, efficient and trusted leader, he was promoted to the rank of Brigadier General in the army of Northern Virginia. He passed through all the important battles fought in Northern Virginia, and was again, in the Winter of 1863-'64, elevated in rank, becoming a Major General.

As an officer he was strict, yet popular

on the whole, and his men would follow none sooner than him, their leader.

Since the war the General has been the able editor of the *Augusta Chronicle & Sentinel*. Placed thus at the head of a leading journal, he exercised an influence in politics and took a leading part in their discussion. Recently elected to Congress in place of Mr. DuBose, and in despite of the opposition of the "Straight-out ticket" and a Republican nominee, he is taken away just when fortune seemed to have marked him for "high empire."

General Wright's death will prove a great loss to his constituents and the State; a greater loss to his paper, and a loss to his family that cannot be measured in words. With these, we, too, lament his untimely fall.

[From the Atlanta Constitution.]

GEN. A. R. WRIGHT.

The death of this very able and prominent Georgian will be a large loss to the State at this juncture. His death was very unexpected. He was in the prime of his vigorous and intellectual manhood, and had the promise of a long, and useful, and brilliant career. We remember him but a few weeks back in the most lusty health, and robust, mental vigor.

He has been prominent in Georgia politics for many years. Before the war he had taken part in the political contests of that time, and had made a State reputation as one of the boldest, a blest and most effective stump speakers. As "Ranse Wright" he was known on every hustings, and made himself a political power.

He was a lawyer in large and successful practice, and exhibited the same ability, zeal, and eloquence as an advocate that he did as a politician.

Since the war he was the chief editor of that popular and powerful old journal, the *Augusta Chronicle and Sentinel*, and he wielded a pen as ready and forcible as he was eloquent as a speaker.

In the late contest he was elected from his district to Congress under circumstances peculiarly flattering, and we had looked to his advent in the National Councils with a very large degree of expectation. He would have made his mark there, and at this time we regarded his presence in Congress as peculiarly fortunate. He had the ability, the nerve, and experience to have revived

the old days, when Georgia had her best men at Washington.

We have not at hand the particulars of his life, but he has been for years representing his county in State Conventions. He was a delegate at large to the Baltimore Convention and member from Georgia on the National Democratic Executive Committee.

As a soldier he illustrated Georgia in the late war. He rose to be Brigadier General, and proved himself as dashing and patriotic in battle as in civil life.

He was married twice. He leaves a lovely wife and several children to mourn his loss.

The writer knew General Wright well, and had a high estimate of his qualities. General Wright was a decided character. His nature was aggressive in its operations. He was strikingly fearless, and had abilities to back his courage.

We regard him as a large loss to Georgia, and profoundly regret his sad and sudden decease.

[From the Savannah Advertiser.]

#### DEATH OF GENERAL A. R. WRIGHT.

A private telegram received in our city on yesterday conveyed the sad and startling intelligence of the death of General A. R. Wright, editor of the AUGUSTA CHRONICLE & SENTINEL, and member of Congress elect from the Eighth District. Mention had been made of his indisposition in such a shape as to quiet any apprehensions of his death.

The data is not before us from which to frame a sketch of the life of General Wright. He was well known in Georgia, so well known that the announcement of his death will be regarded by most of those who read it as a public calamity. Previous to the war General Wright had achieved honorable political distinction. His party never had strength enough to elect him to the honors he contested for, but in that old and honored party he was an acknowledged and honored leader. We can afford to say this, for we were never a member of it.

Early in the late war General Wright assumed a prominent position. By hard service and gallant conduct, he won quick promotion. He returned to his home at its close with many names added to his list of friends that had not graced it before.

Engaging in the practice of law, he found time to take an active and useful part in all of the party contests in which the South has been engaged, and finally,

after a most able and gallant canvass, the long coveted honor of a seat in Congress was put within his reach.

With genuine sadness we record the fact that death has again mocked the vanity of human ambition.

General Wright was a ready and impressive orator, a strong and sensible writer, and an honorable gentleman, whose impulses and exuberance of thought, speech and manner, were set down to disadvantage against his sound sense and practical qualities. Georgia has lost a true and loyal son, the bar a brilliant advocate, the press a tower of strength.

[From the Savannah Morning News.]

#### DEATH OF GEN. A. R. WRIGHT.

The telegraphic announcement of the death of General Ambrose Ransom Wright, of Augusta, was a severe shock to the many friends of this distinguished gentleman. The occurrence, though sudden, was not altogether unlooked for. For the past three weeks Gen. Wright has been prostrated by a nervous fever, and, while the symptoms were serious, it was hoped that his fine constitution would bring him safely through the crisis.

It is no easy task for even the hand of friendship to pay just tribute to the newly-dead; and here, almost upon the borders of the grave of one of Georgia's truest and worthiest sons, we have not heart to attempt it. General Wright's career since 1860 is too well known to require rehearsal. His intellectual qualities were of a very high order, and with great versatility of mind he combined unusual energy and strength of character. He was a true patriot, and illustrated his love for his State and people in the most conspicuous manner as an orator, soldier and editor.

In more than one respect the death of General Wright is untimely. His seat in the next Congress, from the Eighth District, is made vacant, and it will be no easy matter for his constituents to find a man who will represent them more unselfishly and devotedly.

To his family and to our brethren of the CHRONICLE AND SENTINEL we extend a condolence which, if unavailing, is none the less sincere.

[From the Macon Telegraph and Messenger.]

#### DEATH OF GEN. A. R. WRIGHT.

We were profoundly shocked and grieved yesterday to hear of this sad



event, which happened at Augusta yesterday morning. We had heard that Gen. W. was ill, but no intimation that his illness was of a serious nature had ever reached us. It seems, however, that his health has not been good for some time, and that his last illness commenced some three weeks since.

Gen. Wright was born, we believe, in Jefferson county, and had reached the age of 47, and, for many years, had been prominently before the people of Georgia as lawyer and politician, and more latterly as editor of the *CHRONICLE AND SENTINEL*. Nature had been more than ordinarily gracious to him in her gifts, and before a jury, on the stump, or in the editorial chair he was very strong. Whatever he did was done with all the fervor of an intense nature and an indomitable will. He was a stern fighter, whether in field or forum, and though he dealt hard blows and aroused many antagonisms, he never struck from behind or under cover. His career as a Confederate officer was exceptionally brilliant, and while time endures the part played by "Wright's Brigade" in the glorious drama that closed at Appamattox will live among the brightest pages of Georgia history. During the last canvass he was the candidate of the Democracy of his District for Congress, and after a most exciting canvass was triumphantly elected over two competitors, and would have taken his seat on the 4th of March in the Forty-third Congress.

But we leave to others more able than ourselves the sad duty of paying a fitting tribute to his memory. We can only say that by his death Georgia has lost as true and devoted a son as ever drew a blade in her defense. What higher eulogy could be pronounced?

[From the Charleston News.]

#### DEATH OF GENERAL A. R. WRIGHT.

It gives us much sorrow to announce the death of General A. R. Wright, one of the editors of the Augusta *CHRONICLE AND SENTINEL* and member elect from the Eighth Congressional District of Georgia. Well may the community in which he lived, and which he adorned, deplore his untimely loss. Well may his sorrowing associates say of him that he was a brave soldier, an able jurist, a matchless orator. General Wright had a host of warm personal friends in Augusta, and the respect and esteem of the entire community. He was a man

of high intellectual attainments and sterling character, and we extend our earnest sympathies to those to whom his death has wrought the keenest bereavement.

[From the Wilmington (N. C.) Journal.]

#### GENERAL A. R. WRIGHT.

It is with profound sorrow that we record the death of General Ambrose Ransom Wright, of Augusta.

General Wright was one of Georgia's most distinguished sons. As an officer of the Confederate army, as a member of the bar, in the editorial sanctum, and in the social circle, he was alike distinguished and honored. A man of great personal magnetism, he made friends in every sphere of life.

We had formed for him a warm personal attachment. A friendship begun during an association in the army, had been cemented by the ties of the editorial sanctum. As a friend and as an editor we sincerely mourn his loss.

To his bereaved family and to his associates upon the staff of the *CHRONICLE AND SENTINEL*, we extend our most heartfelt sympathies. His death at this time, just as he was about to enter upon his duties as a member of Congress, is a loss not only to Georgia, but to the whole South.

[From the Rome Commercial.]

#### GEN. A. R. WRIGHT DEAD.

This distinguished and noble son of Georgia died yesterday morning, at his residence in Augusta, as will be seen in our telegraph columns. The people of Georgia will deeply feel this untimely and unexpected loss. Gen. Wright was one of the few men upon whom a State could rely in time of public calamity. He was a true, a fearless and a faithful man to all his public trusts. As a soldier, as an editor, as a statesman, he was marked for his nerve, his judgment and his sagacity. As an orator, he was bold, brilliant and captivating. He made no failure in anything he undertook, and but few men have shown such versatility of genius, such aptitude for the noblest callings of life. We can but express our grief for this sad dispensation, and tender to his family our heartfelt sympathy in their sad bereavement. The press of Georgia has lost one of its brightest ornaments, and the State a representative who would have nobly defended her honor and added new laurels

to her grand old history. May his rest be peaceful.

[From the Charlotte (N. C.) Observer.]

DEATH LOVES A SHINING MARK.

General Ambrose Ransom Wright, of Georgia, died on Saturday, after a brief illness, at the age of forty-seven. He was in the prime and vigor of manhood, and his unlooked for death is a heavy blow to the people of Augusta and the Eighth District of Georgia, from which he was so recently elected to Congress.

His presence in Congress was looked forward to with pride, with joy and with hope. Eloquent, courageous and vigorous in intellect, he would have made his voice heard and his intellect felt in the halls of Congress, where brave and true representatives of the South are so much needed. He was one of the most gallant among the officers of the Confederate army, and since the war has earned a brilliant reputation as a political writer, as a lawyer and as an orator. He has, during the dark and evil days upon which we have fallen, been unwavering in his devotion to the South. "An upright man, an honest citizen, a true Georgian, a true Christian, a great mind," his loss will be felt throughout the Southern States.

[From the Columbia Carolinian.]

DEATH OF GENERAL A. R. WRIGHT.

General A. R. Wright, the talented editor of the *Augusta Chronicle and Sentinel*, and member elect of the United States Congress from the Eighth Georgia District, died at his home in Augusta on Saturday.

Gen. Wright was a lawyer of marked ability, and had risen to a high position in his profession. At the commencement of the war he enlisted as a private in the Third Georgia regiment and was soon promoted to the Colonelcy of the regiment. For gallant and meritorious services he was soon promoted to a Brigadier and then to a Major General. He commanded his troops in some of the most hotly contested battles of the war, and by his coolness and intrepidity did much to gain the victories or to smooth over the reverses with which our arms met.

As a citizen he commanded the respect and esteem of all who knew him, and it is not in Georgia alone he is known, but throughout our whole country the gallant General and the talented and courteous editor was known and respected.

[From the Athens Watchman.]

DEATH OF GEN. A. R. WRIGHT.

Gen. Ambrose Ransom Wright died in Augusta on Saturday morning last. This announcement will be received with regret by all our readers. We knew Gen. Wright long—knew him well and esteemed him highly, as, indeed, did all who knew him. He had made his mark in military, as well as civil service. Entering the ranks as a private, at the commencement of the war, he had reached the high position of Major General before its close. Brilliant as was his military career, he was perhaps more distinguished as a civilian. At an early period of his career he reached a commanding eminence as a lawyer, while as a politician and orator his fame was wide-spread. More recently he had distinguished himself as one of the ablest editors in the State—having held, since the war, the position of editor-in-chief of the *Augusta Chronicle and Sentinel*, one of the oldest and ablest Southern dailies.

At the late election he had been chosen a Representative in Congress by the people of the Eighth District, under the most flattering circumstances, and had his life been spared, we doubt not he would have "illustrated Georgia" in the U. S. House of Representatives in a manner that would have caused all Georgians to feel proud of their champion.

Having been wounded during the war, and for a time disabled from military service, he was elected a member of the State Senate and chosen President of that body—which position he filled with distinguished ability.

He served frequently as member of District, State and National Conventions. We remember he was a member of the Philadelphia Convention of 1866 and of the late Baltimore Convention. At the time of his death he was a member of the National Democratic Executive Committee, and previously served several years on the State Executive Committee.

Gen. Wright was cut down in the prime of his usefulness, and his career serves as an illustration of the truth that

"The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

In common with the people of Georgia, we deeply mourn and lament the loss of one of her noblest sons.



[From the American Republican.]

#### DEATH OF GENERAL A. R. WRIGHT.

The death of this very able and prominent son of Georgia is as unexpected as it is sad. We had noticed the account of his illness, but from our knowledge of his robust health and powerful constitution, together with his prime of manhood, we were shocked and surprised to hear that the sickness had terminated fatally. His death at this particular time is a great loss to the State. Having just been elected to Congress over two competitors by a most flattering majority, we were anxious to see him take his seat, and maintain the dignity and spirit of the State with that fearlessness in the councils of the nation that had always marked and characterized his career on the hustings and in the forum.

He entered the service of the Confederate States as a private, but was elected to the Colonelcy of the Third Georgia Regiment on the final organization of that command. In that capacity he served during the first year of the war, until he was promoted to the rank of Brigadier General. He was then assigned to the command of a brigade, which, for acts of gallantry, unflinching courage and bold and dashing charges, was not surpassed in the Army of Northern Virginia. The reputation that this command sustained, as fighting material, was owing, to a great extent, to the bold, fearless and aggressive spirit he inspired his troops with by his own dashing and determined character.

He had filled some position of trust and importance in his Congressional District for over twenty years. Being only forty-seven years of age at the time of his death, he entered his political career early in life, and always managed to sustain himself as a debater and parliamentarian with credit and honor.

As a stump orator, he had made a reputation of being one of the boldest, ablest and most effective speakers in the State; as a lawyer, his rank was among the first; as a writer and editor, he wielded a pen strong, pungent, and, at times, caustic.

His death is a public calamity, and we sincerely and deeply regret the loss.

[From the Fairfield (S. C.) Herald.]

#### DEATH OF A DISTINGUISHED MAN.

Sunday's dispatches contain the sad announcement of the death of General A. R. Wright, of Augusta, Ga., one of

the editors of the CHRONICLE AND SENTINEL, and a member elect of the 43d Congress from the Eighth District of Georgia. General Wright was widely known throughout the South as a brilliant writer, a fearless soldier, and an able lawyer and politician, and the news of his untimely demise will be heard with profound regret in every locality where his fame had reached. Georgia has lost a son of whom she might well be proud, and the South one of her most devoted defenders. The Southern press, too, has seen one of its brightest stars set forever upon earth.

Peace to his ashes!

[From the Union and Recorder.]

#### DEATH OF GEN. A. R. WRIGHT.

On last Saturday the report reached our city that Gen. Wright was dead, but as we could not trace the report to its source, we hoped it would prove incorrect, but on Monday the report was confirmed. Gen. Wright has for many years been a prominent man in Georgia. As a lawyer and politician, an editor and a soldier, he ranked high. But a short time before his death he was elected to Congress from the Eighth Congressional District, and had he lived to have taken his seat in Congress he would no doubt have been one of the boldest defenders of Georgia in that body. All who served with him in the Confederate army give him the credit of being a brave soldier.

[From the New York Herald.]

#### AMBROSE R. WRIGHT.

By telegram from Augusta, Ga., under date of yesterday, we were informed last night of the occurrence of the death of General Ambrose Ransom Wright, one of the editors of the CHRONICLE AND SENTINEL newspaper and member elect to Congress from the Eighth District of Georgia.

General Wright expired at his residence, in Augusta, at an early hour in the forenoon. He was carried off by general debility, resulting from an attack of nervous fever, which endured upon him, with more or less severity, during a period of three weeks. He was an exceedingly popular man, and, to some extent, a representative Georgian of rare abilities. His death causes very profound grief and is mourned throughout the State as a public calamity, for the reason that he was distinguished alike by his military record, his legal attainments, political ability and fine social amenities. General Wright was forty-seven years of age.



[From the Savannah Republican.]

“A. R. WRIGHT IS DEAD.”

How few the words, and how rapid the flight over the telegraph line !

And yet these few words announce to the world that a great heart has ceased to beat, and the light of an intellect lost to us forever.

Upon no one in Georgia at this crisis were the eyes of her people resting more hopefully than upon the distinguished dead.

But, we thank God, he well knew before he died how great the admiration and respect of the people of the State were for her chivalrous soldier and brilliant statesman.

He lies in his grave, but he is wrapt in the love of the people of his District for his winding sheet—a people second to none in moral and intellectual qualities.

No monarch ever lay in more solemn state than Georgia's noble son.

The jewels that glittered on his coffin lid were the tears of a bereaved people.

Linton Stephens is gone, and A. R. Wright is dead !

How heavily has the hand of God rested upon us this year. But let us say with the old Patriarch, humbly and reverently, “If I am bereaved, I am bereaved.” Unless Thee teach us charity and love for the living, how unavailing are these bitter lessons.

The jewels are falling one by one from our crown. True, Time may replace them with others as bright, but they are not the ones we have so long watched and loved.

Some of our time honored statesmen now

“Walk sad and thoughtful on the melancholy shore  
Of that deep ocean we must sail so soon ;”

And mindful of these sudden, bitter partings, let us touch even their frailties and errors with loving and reverent hands. And, if in the strife of conflicting opinions we by chance wound them, let hasten to make atonement while words of excuse may fall on living ears.

In the name of the people of Glynn county, who loved and honored General Wright, I humbly lay this tribute on his grave.

“GLYNN.”

Brunswick, December 25, 1872.

[From the Farmer and Gardener.]

GEN. A. R. WRIGHT.

It is with no ordinary sorrow that we announce to our readers the death of General A. R. Wright. Passing away from earth on the morning of the 21st instant, he has left behind him a name which shall be remembered when he has returned to dust, and a fame which shall live forever upon the altars of Constitutional Government. A man of strong convictions, he did whatever his hand found to do with a will. Of intense feeling, he most earnestly defended the rights of the South whenever and wherever they were assailed, and most royally did he perform the task. Earnestly desirous of the prosperity of his section, he gave the entire weight of his name and influence to the cause of Agriculture. It had no readier friend than Wright, no more potent advocate than his pen, no more stirring music than his tongue. We mourn his loss as a nation and a people. In the halls of Congress, to which he had been elected, he would have illustrated Georgia in such a manly and heroic way as would have demonstrated to all his peculiar fitness for the position, and his daring firmness in the vindication of Right. But he is no more. The silence of the grave rests upon his brain and stops the utterance of his eloquent lips. His mighty arm is palsied by death, and his noble presence will no more be among the people whom he loved, and whose cause was so dear to his heart. His memory and his example in every relation of life are left to us for our guidance and imitation. Let us never forget him; and who dare assert that his memory will fade? Recalling, as his people do, his glory and his power, they will feel he still lives; for

“He is not dead whose glorious mind lifts  
thine on high,  
To live in hearts we leave behind is not to die.”

[From the Central Georgian—Washington county.]

DEATH OF GEN. A. R. WRIGHT.

No event has cast a deeper gloom over this community than the death of this distinguished Georgian. His social relations, his political affiliation, and his professional connection with this county, were perhaps stronger than any other county outside of Richmond, and the affections of the people were naturally interwoven in him, with their

great admiration of him as a man, as an advocate, and as a politician. He was endowed with a remarkable faculty of speech, united to a remarkable quickness of perception of the salient points of any subject which he touched. This remarkable faculty made him an excessively strong debater in the forum and as a *nisi prius* lawyer he did not have a superior and we doubt if he had an equal in the State. But his untimely death makes it more a matter of regret to his friends and admirers in this community in the fact that he was the member elect to Congress, and their expectations were full with the most brilliant anticipations to see his powers tried in other fields in defense of the rights and liberties of his people, which he himself cherished with such burning and undying affection. They were confident of his personal triumph—they were sure of the victorious vindication of their character, whether it brought fruits or not.

[From the Sandersville (Washington county) Herald.]

#### OUR LAMENTED DEAD.

Since last the *Herald* visited you, reader, the death angel has been at work, and borne away the people's friend—the gifted lawyer, the gallant soldier, the noble writer, the pride of the 8th Congressional District—GENERAL AMBROSE R. WRIGHT. After an illness of some weeks, he died calmly and peacefully on the forenoon of the 21st December, aged about 47 years. And thus has sat one of the brightest stars that ever rose upon this part of the political horizon. But it is not our purpose now to eulogise our friend. To others more competent be this sad pleasure.

When, as it were, borne upon a passing breeze, the rumor reached Sandersville that Gen. Wright was dead, no one could believe it. Neighbor asked neighbor if he had heard the report, and parted hoping 'twas not true. At last came the fatal telegram. Too true. And sadness, like a pall, settled over the hearts of all.

Can it be that this noble man is gone from us forever? That his manly form shall never grace the halls of justice, or his eloquent tongue plead for the right and give utterance to thoughts that breathe and words that burn? Mother earth claims her own; in the hearts of his countrymen will ever live his noble vir-

tues, while basking in the sunlight above rests from its labors the redeemed spirit of him so honored and so beloved.

[From the New York World, 27th.]

In the death of General A. R. Wright, who expired at Augusta, Ga., on the morning of the 21st instant, the South sustains a very great loss. There is no man in that country whose promise of usefulness was brighter, and fond anticipations were entertained, not alone in his native Georgia but in other of the ill-treated commonwealths of the South, that when his voice was heard in the Forty-third Congress, to which he had just been elected, the people of the United States would learn that all the traditional fire, energy and eloquence of the South of happier days survived. General Wright had been a good and valiant soldier of the Confederacy; as a lawyer he was that rare but admirable compound of the advocate and the judge, with all the dispassionate acumen of the one and all the ornate and glowing oratory of the other; as a politician he was true as steel to the principles of constitutional liberty. In every point of view he was a truly representative Southerner, and his utterances in Congress, had he been spared to deliver them, would have faithfully delineated his people. The true, long-stifled voice of the outraged and bleeding South would have been at last heard. The fulfillment of this high destiny by one so well fitted for its accomplishment has not, however, been vouchsafed. The old leaders of the South are silent; the new generation, who poured out the blood of their earlier manhood in the Confederate armies, and in their middle age were maturing and ripening every day into vigor and excellence, have just lost in his death a chieftain among them, and it is not surprising that at such a loss, so sudden and so great, Georgia and her sister States are mournfully conscious of still another great bereavement and trial.

General Wright was born in 1826, in Jefferson county, Georgia, and was consequently at the time of his death in the full prime of life. In person he was tall and stately, of dignified demeanor and bearing, with a sense of power and manly vigor ever present in the flash of a steady and determined eye. Personally he was a noble specimen of the Saxon type of manhood, and intellectu-

ality had the hardy good sense and the imposing self-equipoise which are the mental characteristics of the same blood. Early in life he came to the bar, and had won a distinguished position before the war. When this broke out he instantly offered his services, and rose rapidly till he obtained the rank of Major General, participating in all the more sanguinary and desperate conflicts of Lee's army, and more than once pouring out his blood upon the field. Since the war there has been perhaps no man in Georgia, unquestionably now the leading State of the South, who has been so often honored with important and delicate public trusts. Everything the punitive legislation of Congress permitted was given him by the people, and as soon as the amnesty act rendered him eligible he was chosen to Congress by a handsome majority over the Administration candidate and an independent Democrat, the son-in-law of ex-Senator Toombs. In the moment of victory, however, so well won and so well deserved, he was taken away. The sun which had just lifted, as it were, the clouds from his future, only lighted the pathway to his tomb.

SANDERSVILLE, December 25, 1872.

Perhaps no event since the war has impressed the people of this section and of the State generally with such a sense of profound sadness as the death of this distinguished soldier, patriot, statesman and orator. His loss is simply irreparable. From the mountains to the seaboard, from the Savannah to the Chattahoochee, it is regarded as a public calamity,

How mysterious indeed are the ways of Providence—how inscrutable are its decrees? In the very zenith of his intellectual vigor; in the very bloom of his physical manhood; in the very hour when tardy justice had acknowledged his high claims, and paid tribute to his merit, he has been cut down by remorseless disease, and now sleeps in the silent tomb. It is impossible, in any one simple and imperfect sketch, to do justice to the character and qualities of Ambrose Ransom

Wright, were we even qualified to do so. From early boyhood he gave promise of that brilliant and successful career which has been so sadly closed. Before he attained the full stature of manhood, was foreshadowed that striking individuality, that inimitable sarcasm, fertile wit and matchless eloquence which made him so famous, and distinguished him above all others wherever he went. He was, indeed, a remarkable man, and possessed elements of character and of mind rarely to be met with.

With a nature peculiarly aggressive, and mental powers singularly clear, lucid and original, with readiness of recourse, indomitable energy, and dauntless courage, he impressed all who met him on the rostrum or in the forum that he was a "foeman worthy of their steel." Bold, vigilant, ingenious and faithful in the conduct of his causes at the bar, with a judgment of men and a discrimination never surpassed, he early achieved that distinction as an advocate which at once excited the admiration and enthusiasm of his friends, and commanded the respect of his adversaries.

Nothing seemed to daunt or discourage him; difficulties which would appal and demoralize others, served but to sharpen his faculties, and intensify his energy, and he would brush away obstacles from his path as lightly and easily "as the spirit of the storm cloud throws vapor from the sky." With a wonderful versatility he combined in rare and exquisite harmony the qualities of the contemplative statesman with those of the brilliant orator and ready writer.

His skill in the minute details of business was not extended or acquired at the expense of comprehensive views, or general powers. He grappled with great questions of law with a readiness and facility which astonished those of his friends who were familiar with his habits and knew how little time his



arduous and manifold duties gave him for study and preparation. In the display of those forensic powers which made him peerless in the court room, while he adorned his oratory profusely with all the rich decorations of rhetoric, he fortified himself with invincible logic and masterly argumentation, for though he always "cultivated the foliage," he never did so "to the prejudice of the fruit." In the language of Macaulay, he had a wonderful talent, "for packing thought close and rendering it portable." He combined readiness with research, gravity with humor and pleasantry, and stern decorum with brilliancy and wit. In the midst of great excitement and confusion, his demeanor was cool and collected. How forcibly has his serene and placid countenance impressed the casual observer at the very moment he was gathering his strength for the intellectual struggle; once upon his feet and confronting his adversary, how changed his demeanor, how mobile and expressive the face just so stoical and indifferent; how commanding his physical presence, how impressive his gesticulation. It was then that his whole nature seemed aroused, then that lightnings flashed from his eye, and like Pericles "his tongue was armed with thunder."

Wright was no less distinguished as a soldier than he was as a lawyer and statesman. Early in his brilliant military career he gave evidence of an aptitude for the field, and displayed an executive ability which made him afterwards so prominent among our Southern heroes who went forth to battle for the Lost Cause. Emotions of no ordinary nature must stir the heart of every true Georgian in recalling his chivalric deeds and unexampled heroism. Among the gallant sons of our noble State who rallied around that never to be forgotten banner—the red, white and blue—the name and fame of Wright will go down

to history in imperishable honor and renown. It is true that a cruel fate has consigned him to an untimely grave, but the memories which cluster about his gallant deeds will live forever in the hearts of his countrymen.

"On fame's eternal camping ground  
His silent tent is spread,  
And glory guard's with solemn round,  
The bivouac of the dead."

With Wright's private character and qualities, none were better acquainted than the writer of this feeble tribute to his memory, and however imperfect this sketch, it is an offering upon the altar of a sacred friendship, the memory of which finds us lingering near his shrine, how worthless soever may be the offering which we bring to it. To the casual observer, Wright's character might have seemed harsh at times and his nature cold and repelling, but never was there a greater mistake; those who formed this unjust estimate either had no knowledge of his noble nature or took their opinions from men who had no more acquaintance with it than themselves. His was a decided character, and to be misunderstood and misconstrued is the natural and legitimate heritage of all such men.

He was a stranger to dissimulation, and detested hypocrisy to such an extent that even for the attainment of his ambitious aspirations, the word policy was unknown to his vocabulary. His attachments were strong and permanent, and when he found a friend he "grappled him with hooks of steel."

He was eminently brave and intrepid, and like most brave men, he was open and sincere.

His nature was characterized by great personal reserve, but beneath this cold exterior, and oftentimes frigid demeanor, beat as warm and true a heart as ever throbbed in the human breast.

'Tis true he had his faults; but who of us have them not. "He that is without sin among you let him cast the first stone." His faults have been buried

with him, and many though they may have been, he had virtues enough to overshadow them all.

"But speak no more of his renown,  
Lay your earthly fancies down,  
And in yon lonely graveyard leave him.  
God accept him, Christ receive him."

WASHINGTON.

ATLANTA, GA., December 27, 1872.

*Editors Chronicle & Sentinel :*

It may be said, and truly, "*Death loves a shining mark.*" Little did I think, when I last addressed you, that I should nevermore address the CHRONICLE AND SENTINEL with the editorial staff unbroken. About the hour of 2 o'clock, p. m., on the memorable day of the melancholy death of the lamented Gen. A. R. Wright, I was attending to my routine of duties at my usual place of business, when a friend stopped for a moment, and looking in the door, said : "*Your friend, Ranse Wright, is dead.*" This doleful announcement I shall never, never forget; and for sometime not a word could I utter.

In less than one hour after the telegraph had brought this sad news to the city, it was known by thousands, who were bowed down with grief and profound sorrow at this great loss to our State.

General Wright was truly a great man, in the true sense of that term, and, taken in all his parts, had but few superiors in this or any other country. The distinguished military chieftain, the learned and able advocate, the fearless, bold yet conscientious politician, one of the ablest political writers of the age, an orator and statesman—thus, poorly expressed, was the lamented dead.

Although a stranger to the bereaved widow and children of Gen. Wright, I would tender this my feeble testimonial of condolence and heartfelt sympathy to them in their great and irreparable loss, for although every Georgian must mourn this sad event, yet, the crushing blow must fall in tenfold more severity on those of his *own beloved ones* than upon the outside world. The death of no man in Georgia would have caused more sincere regret in this city than has been felt and expressed in the loss of this dis-

tinguished son of our beloved old Commonwealth.

The people here felt the need of able statesmen in Congress since the war from the Southern States, and especially have we felt this necessity in Georgia, and the people all over the State were rejoiced to know that Gen. Wright was to represent us in the councils of the nation for some years; but, alas, for all human hopes and human expectations, we were doomed to disappointment, and our fond anticipations have been blasted. Ex-Gov. Crawford, Linton Stephens and now General A. R. Wright, all these in one brief year from the same section of the State have passed from earth, but left bright records behind.

J. W. J.

*Editors Chronicle and Sentinel :*

Permit me to drop the sprig of friendship upon the bier of the departed. It has been the good fortune of the writer to have long known the departed and lamented Wright, and I knew him only to love his social virtues, and revere his intellectual gifts. Sudden, as well as sad, is the stroke that to-day not only clothes his stricken family, but a whole people in mourning for the departed dead. One can scarce realize the event—that Gen. A. R. Wright is *dead*; that he does not "*STILL live!*"

This a blow sudden, and unexpected, which has fallen upon his family and his many friends. How mournful the thought that one around whose brow there clustered so much of honor; and around whose name and character there gathered so much of hope for the future of our country—the expectancy of his people, now lies uprooted! General Wright, by the unaided strength of his own mind, had spurned from his path each obstacle that impeded his progress, and rolled back the clouds which darkened his morning march—who, in his youth of manhood, had reached an eminence of social, military, political and journalistic fame and influence which, to a soul less ardent, might have seemed the topmost pinnacle, but which to him was but a momentary resting place,

from whence, with a determined will, he would have, ere long, leaped into the arena of our Federal forum and there have lent his genius and his influence to the calming of the troubled waves of political discord which threaten to roll over and bear down in their onward sweep constitutional liberty, and forever bury out of sight all that is dear to an American citizen. His grand mission accomplished, the storm of political passion lulled, he would then have prepared to enjoy with his fellow-country men the sun of glory which would have glowed around him, warming and cheering once more into life and animation the now down trodden-millions of his native South; but

"Why sudden drops his crest?  
The shaft is sped, the arrow's in his breast."

Death here canonized a noble name, and the seal of the sepulcher must forever exclude from its slumbering tenant the breath of envy. The flowers, the birds, the waves, thousand melodies of vernal life, and nature, will come back, but he of whom we write will return no more!

The death of Gen. Wright at this time is truly felt, not only as a calamity to his State, but to his country. It was but a few brief days ago that he was elected as a Representative to the Forty-third Congress of the United States. But the expectancy of his constituency and his State now lies cold in death. May the lesson here taught us in the death of one who had not yet reached the zenith of his manhood, and yet so honored and beloved, not be lost upon us. May it make us less ambitious for the honors and fame of this world, which so soon fade and pass away.

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,  
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,  
Await alike, the inevitable hour—  
The paths of glory lead but to the grave!"

To his stricken family, in this their hour of sad bereavement and irreparable loss, I would fain drop the tear of heartfelt sympathy and condolence for the loss of one around whom there clustered the joys and affections of the past and the hopes of the future; but whose great mission is now done, and, with the myriads that have gone before him, lies amid the cold and broken pinions of the dead, there, there to sleep! But it is the sleep that awaits the resurrection morn, when the trumpet of the Arch

Angel shall awaken all to that glad attune around the Throne of God, where husband and wife, father and children, shall bask in the sunlight of His glory for ever more!

C. P. CULVER,

Washington, D. C., Dec. 22d, 1872.

—  
ATHENS, GA., December 27, 1872.

At a meeting of the old "Athens Guards," held to-day, for the purpose of taking action in regard to the death of General A. R. Wright, of Augusta, Col. H. C. Billups was called to the Chair, and J. P. Dorsey requested to act as Secretary.

A committee, consisting of A. L. Mitchell, G. H. Palmer, S. D. Mitchell, J. S. Williford and M. G. Lumpkin, were appointed to offer resolutions for the action of the meeting.

The committee, through their Chairman, offered the following resolutions:

WHEREAS, General Ambrose Ransom Wright has recently departed this life, we, the surviving members of Company "K," Third Georgia Regiment, of which regiment General Wright was the original Colonel, deeming it our duty and melancholy pleasure to present this, our tribute, to his memory as a citizen, as a soldier, as a statesman and patriot, and, as a lawyer, do adopt the following resolutions:

1st. That in the death of General Wright, Georgia has lost a citizen in whom we all had an interest. The death of him who stood at the head of one of our leading political journals, and contributed so largely in directing the political sentiment of the State, is indeed a loss for which we as a people appropriately mourn.

2d. That no braver soldier ever shed his blood beneath "the starry cross of the Lost Cause," and when ages shall have rolled on, the descendants of Southern soldiers will revere his memory as a hero in the strife for constitutional liberty.

3d. That as a statesman and a patriot, Georgia and this country has lost a great man—one who has ever defended the liberties of the people in the forum, on the hustings, in deliberative assemblies, and on the sanguinary field of battle, and one whose clarion voice, had not death silenced it, would have sound-



ed forth in the halls of the next Congress, in the vindication of the right, and in resistance to the wrong.

4th. That as a lawyer, he possessed those rare attributes which make men truly eloquent—viz: the intellect to see the truth, the heart to feel the truth, and the courage to speak the truth.—Now, alas, that intellect has ceased its searching on earth; that heart, which could “feel another’s woe,” now slumbers beneath the sod; and that voice, so often heard in the cause of humanity and justice, is hushed in the stillness of the tomb.

5th. That we tender to the family of General Wright the heartfelt condolence of comrades in a holy cause.

6th. That a copy of these proceedings be forwarded to the family, and that copies be furnished the Athens and Augusta papers, with the request that they publish them.

A. L. MITCHELL,  
Chairman.  
unanimously  
H. C. BILLUPS,  
Chairman.

The resolutions were adopted.

J. P. DORSEY, Secretary.

#### Tribute of Respect to the Memory of Gen. Ambrose Ransom Wright.

Tuesday morning, a few minutes before the hour for the Superior Court to convene, at the suggestion of Hon. Wm. T. Gould, the members of the Bar met in the grand jury room.

Taking the Chair, Judge Gould stated that the object of the meeting was to receive the report of the committee appointed at the adjourned October term of the Court to draw up resolutions relative to the death of General A. R. Wright, and asked if said committee were ready to report.

Responding, Hon. H. W. Hilliard, chairman of the committee, presented the following preamble and resolutions :

WHEREAS, In the order of Divine Providence, Gen. Ambrose R. Wright, a member of this Bar, has been removed from the present world, we, his associates, wishing to pay a tribute to his memory, unanimously adopt the following resolutions :

1. *Resolved*, That in the death of Gen. Wright the Bar has sustained a loss which we feel with deep sensibility.

2. *Resolved*, That we recognize in the eminence attained by Gen. Wright the result of the possession of fine natural abilities, commendable diligence and extraordinary energy; that he was a shining example of the success which follows the vigorous prosecution of the legal profession, and that at the time of his death he had reached the enviable summit from which he could look forward to years of useful and honorable labor.

3. *Resolved*, That as a mark of respect to the memory of our deceased brother, we will wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days.

4. *Resolved*, That his Honor Judge Gibson be requested to order these resolutions to be entered on the minutes of the Court; that a copy be furnished to the family of Gen. Wright; and that they be published in the city papers.

On motion of Hon. W. Hope Hull, the resolutions were unanimously adopted.

In open Court, Judge Gould announced the action of the meeting of the members of the Bar, in adopting resolutions expressive of their sense of loss to the profession in the death of General Wright.

#### REMARKS OF HON. H. W. HILLIARD.

Hon. H. W. Hilliard presented the resolutions to the Court, and, moving their adoption, said:

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HONOR—There are many gentlemen here who were acquainted with General Wright longer than myself. But my acquaintance with him began before I came to this Bar. When I was actively engaged in political life I met General Wright at a great popular convention in Atlanta, and from that time to the day of his death our intercourse was never interrupted. There was all the time an interchange of those marks of esteem which I believe that he uniformly entertained for me, and which I certainly felt for him.

I concur in the language of the resolution which speaks of Gen. Wright as having attained an eminence from which he would look forward to long years of useful and honorable labor. Certainly one of the noblest and most satisfactory results of life is to reach a position where our labors may be useful to mankind, and acquire honorable distinction

for ourselves. And I know no field of secular employment where one may hope to accomplish this most desirable and fortunate position so successfully as in the pursuit of the profession which engaged the talents of the distinguished gentleman to whose memory we propose to pay a tribute to-day.

Some one has said that the science of government is the only subject within the range of human pursuit worthy of the attention of a man. There is so close a connection between the profession of a lawyer, and that of a statesman that we might consider the claim of the study of government, broadly as it is stated, without doing any injustice to our honorable profession. To uphold good government is a proper task for a lawyer, and such tasks have engaged lawyers in all the successive periods of human history, since constitutional liberty first appeared in the progress of civilization.

Hooker says most eloquently that "Law has her seat in the bosom of God, and her voice is the harmony of the Universe."

Surely we cannot contribute better towards the harmony of the world than by giving our support to good government. To maintain law is to help to uphold the political institutions which protect a free people.

To say thus of our departed brother, that he was a lawyer of noble aims and high attainments, is to give him great praise.

Gen. Wright was well known for the energy with which he pursued his profession, and the fidelity with which he adhered to the rights of his clients.

I might speak of the distinctions which he attained in political and military life, but I limit myself to this brief notice of him as a member of the Bar.

#### REMARKS OF HON. J. B. CUMMING.

Hon. J. B. Cumming, in seconding the motion of Mr. Hilliard, spoke as follows:

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HONOR—I rise to second the request made by my Brother Hilliard, that the resolutions reported from the Bar be spread upon the minutes of the Court. This request will be granted as a matter of course. There seems, therefore, no occasion to say anything more. My excuse for remarks in themselves superfluous is, that the man to whom these proceedings relate I

greatly admired, and I find it difficult to remain silent when it is proper to speak of him. For weeks after his death the press of the State teemed with articles, editorial and communicated, evoked by that event; and journalists in other States wrote well and eloquently of the distinguished dead. It would be difficult to add anything to what was said then, and has been so well said here this morning. Nevertheless, in response to an impulse of my own heart, I shall venture to speak to the resolutions, if only to say that I heartily approve them. I shall not weaken what words of praise I may speak of the distinguished departed by using the language of extravagant eulogy. I shall not claim for him perfection. He was a man and had his share of man's faults and infirmities. It was not because he was exempt from these that we exalted him when living and now seek to honor him dead; but because with the faults common to all, he had in an uncommon degree intellectual and moral qualities of the highest order. He had a soaring intellect, a lofty courage, a true gift of eloquence, an untiring devotion to his country. More than these, he had another gift, not often found even with these qualities—what I would call the gift of leadership—that gift, subtle and not to be analyzed, which inspires some men and enables them to lead their fellow men, to arouse or restrain them. I myself have seen the distinguished dead display this quality on one notable occasion, and without reference to the broader and historic field of his labors, I know of two other occasions in which he exercised the same gift in this community to the prevention of riot, bloodshed and disgrace. But all these high gifts have been laid low, and we now seek to honor his memory. As I looked down upon that commanding form, prepared for its last abode, enveloped in that uniform, of any wearer of which it is sufficient honor to say, as we may say of this one, that he wore it worthily—when I thought of the struggling youth, succeeded by the manhood of ambition, with its full share of ambitious labors and disappointments; when I thought of his honorable career as a soldier, clouded, however, by the common disaster which overtook all the soldiers of a lost cause; when I thought of his brilliant efforts with tongue and pen in the days of our oppression; when I thought of all his

labors and his disappointments crowned with success, and the crown suddenly hurled to the dust, I but experienced the common sentiment of every heart on that occasion, that seldom has there happened an event comprising so many circumstances of profound sadness.

But, may it please your Honor, while we lament, let no one be so unreasonable or presumptuous as to pity the honored dead. It has been said in a language older than our own that no man can be pronounced happy until the day of his death. As I interpret this saying, its meaning is this: however fortunate a man may appear and be, to-day and to-morrow, any judgment pronouncing him such would be premature before he passed beyond the fearful vicissitudes which environ life and reputation. Fortunate to-day, he may be overwhelmed to-morrow. Rich to-day in the possession of unblemished reputation, to-morrow calumny, or temptation unresisted, may rob him of that, without which, he is poor indeed. Friends, fortune, and good name may forsake a man in a moment, and so long as he is exposed to such calamities he cannot be pronounced happy. Where will he be beyond their reach save in an honored grave? Such a haven has been reached by our departed friend, and now, for the first time, no longer tossed upon the dangerous sea of life, but having cast anchor in an honored grave, we may venture to hope of him what we cannot say of any of ourselves—he is happy.

RESPONSE OF JUDGE WM. GIBSON.

His Honor Judge Gibson, in response, delivered the following touching, eloquent and deserved eulogy:

In looking over the venerable, the middle aged, the young, the bright galaxy of professional brethren of the Augusta Circuit, one of the brightest jewels in her coronal is missing. The noble, manly form, intellectual and beaming face, bright and flashing eye of General Ambrose Ransom Wright will never more be seen amongst us. It is sad. Yea, very sad, to think we shall never more behold him here. Never again listen to his clarion voice in this hall. Never again receive the warm and cordial greetings of his pure and generous nature.

All that was mortal of General Wright

now lies in calm repose beneath his native soil.

The great spoiler, Death, approached, and neither medical skill, fervent prayer, tender, watchful and affectionate care, nor the gushing, burning tears of a devoted wife and children could stay his relentless hand. He who had bravely met dangers in every conceivable form, calmly and peacefully, on the 21st day of December, 1872, in the prime and vigor of physical and mental manhood, with a bright and prosperous future before him, amidst the tears and sorrows of an entire community, passed from t me into an endless eternity at the bidding of the remorseless Reaper.

For a quarter of a century, in times of peace and in times of war, it was my good fortune to know General Wright. I knew him when affluence and wealth supplied his every want. I also knew him when robbed of property and despoiled by a relentless foe, even debarred by harsh military rule from pursuing his profession, and when a small garden and a few fruit trees furnished his subsistence. I have seen him on the battle field, where our glorious flag floated in triumphant pursuit of a fleeing foe. I have seen him amidst the wounded, dead, and the dying. I was with him in the camp and on the long, wearisome march. I have seen him at home when plenty supplied his every want, and in the bivouac and on the march when even a crust of bread could not be procured. Yes, I saw him when defeat, starvation and ruin seemed inevitable—where poor, frail human nature is most tried and tempted, both in prosperity and adversity. I have both known and seen Gen. Wright under trial and amidst the most trying vicissitudes, and under all the circumstances of calamity and misfortune.—He was a true man at all times and under all circumstances, withstanding alike the blandishments of power and the frowns and threats of oppression. General Wright possessed and wore no mask to screen or conceal his true nature. In the true image of his Maker he stood erect; as in His immediate presence with no dissimulation or deception. With as gentle and kind a nature as ever mortal man possessed, almost divine in its beauties and its tenderness, he possessed no tolerance for errors intentionally committed. No man can say he saw and approved the right, and yet the wrong pursued.



"What conscience dictates to be done  
Or warns us not to do  
This, teaches more than hell to shun,  
That, more than Heaven pursue."

Independent in thought and action, when conscious rectitude directed, he yielded not to the fawning of sycophants, to the seductions of wealth or to the harsh biddings of the tyrant and oppressor.

At the early age of eighteen he was admitted to practice law in the Courts of the State, and soon established a reputation in his profession which yielded a competent support, and placed him among the leaders of the bar of the Middle Circuit. As an advocate he had few equals. He never failed to see and to present in the most vivid light the strong points of his client's cause, and to make prominent the weak points of his adversary. His attack was more than skillful, his defense wonderfully strategic. Nature seemed to have designed him for the profession of law, and his success was truly wonderful.

Upon the stump, when a mere boy, he was a foeman worthy of the best steel, and with those renowned and skilled gladiators, Toombs and Stephens, near twenty years ago, himself just starting in his political career, on their own ground and appointed places, he fully sustained himself and met the most sanguine expectations of enthusiastic partizans and friends.

As Senator and President of the Senate in our most perilous times he exhibited singular fitness and ability for a great and successful parliamentary leader.

His grand military career is a part of the history of Georgia, to which every true man can point with pride. Entering the ranks as a private soldier, his gallantry, intelligence and skill, his aptitude for military affairs, soon won for him the Colonelcy of the Third Georgia Regiment, at the head of which command, his sagaciousness, great coolness under fire, and intrepid bravery on the field of battle, won for him in a comparatively short time his spurs as a Brigadier General. His brigade was known in the Army of Virginia as "Wright's Invincible Brigade," which title it fully sustained at the battles of second Manassas, Sharpsburg, Chancellorsville, Fredicksburg, Gettysburg, the Wilderness, and in many engagements in front of Richmond and Petersburg and elsewhere in Virginia,

Maryland and Pennsylvania. His renown in the Army of Virginia was equal to that of any commander, and only surpassed by his successes in civil life. In the list of glorious names furnished by Georgia from civil life, none shone more conspicuously than did that of General Wright.

At the second battle of Manassas, when the man with his headquarters in the saddle was reinforced and our shattered and broken ranks seemed to falter, well do I remember when the matchless Lee gave the order to advance "Wright's Invincible Brigade," and as the order to double quick was given, his emphatic remark was, "That charge will settle it." And it did, for by nightfall the enemy had been fully-routed and not a Federal soldier was to be seen upon the field of battle, except the dead, the wounded and the prisoners.

If time permitted and the occasion were opportune, I would state numerous instances of the great skill and courage with which he handled his command in other engagements, in some of which more Federal soldiers were captured by his command than they numbered men.

Not a private soldier but remembers with pride and satisfaction the victorious shout sent along the whole line, on that ever memorable night at the Wilderness, when Grant, with his beaten forces, withdrew from our front.

To enumerate his gallant and heroic deeds upon the field of battle, his numerous achievements, his great watchfulness and kind care for his men, on the march, in the camp, at the hospitals, would exhaust this occasion. This all who knew him will attest, that where dangers were greatest and bullets thickest, his inspiring presence was seen. Amidst the miasmas of the historic Chickahominy, on Chickamicomico's sandy beach, in the sterile mountain passes of the Blue Ridge, he patiently endured every danger and inconvenience with the fortitude and fidelity of a true hero. Upon his brilliant escutcheon no dark spot of dishonor is to be seen. The sword drawn by him was never dishonored, and on the fiercest fields of carnage and strife, where the heroic bled and the intrepid fell, there too was the gallant Wright, in the hottest and thickest of the fight, with words of cheer for his brave comrades. All that human skill could devise; all that mortal man could endure; all that heroism and gal-

lantry could suggest, he did for freedom and liberty; for honor and justice. Yet, as the best rooted and stoutest oaks of the forest, beneath whose thick green shades tired and worn nature has been refreshed and strengthened, are often torn down and destroyed by ruthless hands, so our cause was destined too to fail. Yet crushed, broken and almost despairing, Gen. Wright, while his life lasted, maintained that cause's honor and his own pure and unsullied.

I know of but one pursuit in life in which it can be said Gen. Wright was a failure, and that was in the art of getting rich. He possessed none of the craft to circumvent gold. The cries too of the suffering poor found a ready lodgment in his generous heart; selfishness was no part of his nature. He was magnanimous and liberal to a fault, and too often aided when he was but illy able to render assistance.

I will not invade the sacred precincts of home, hearth and fireside. As a husband and father he was all that was fond, generous, affectionate, devoted and indulgent. This is holy ground and I forbear, as language cannot adequately express his many noble qualities in the family circle.

With the tears of his bereaved wife and children are mingled the tears of multitudes of his countrymen and the tears of his former comrades in arms. Yet this grief and this sorrow will be mixed with pride when memory recalls his brilliant career; and those army comrades especially will rejoice that by their praise, their love and their esteem, their testimony to gallant deeds performed and duty nobly done, they can add a single leaf to the laurel chaplet which adorns the patriot's brow.

I desire on this occasion to add that had General Wright been spared to his country, his truly conservative course would have been of great use and benefit to his State. He fully comprehended the situation, and possessed all the firmness necessary to present and maintain his views.

Whilst many thought him ultra, nothing was further from him. And no man

more than General Wright regretted the lawlessness that at one time seemed to prevail in certain sections. And could he have been spared to serve us in the Congress of the United States, to which position he had just been elected by a most flattering vote, over large odds and strong opposition from within and without, I am assured he would have proven himself fully equal to the emergency, and every true lover of law and order would have been made glad, even to rejoicing, by his prudent, wise and conservative course.

As a profession, we mourn his untimely death; as a people, we mourn because we are deprived of his talents and his services; as a society, because one of its most unsullied members and brightest ornaments has been cut off; as a friend, because that cordial hand and warm, generous heart, will never greet us more on earth. All human hopes must fail, all mortal life must perish, and greatness must fade and become dim in the busy bustling future. Temples to the living god, thrones, empires and republics have, and must crumble and fall. Our brother, our friend, the husband and the father, has but met the common fate of all earthly existence. That wise God who numbers the hairs of our head, and permits not even a sparrow to fall unnoticed has, in his inscrutable wisdom, bidden it, and into the hands of an all merciful and just God we commit his immortality, trusting confidently that the propitiatory atonement of the cross is ample and sufficient to save the trusting, just and illustrious dead.

Confident too that as long as freedom and liberty have a votary, courage and true manhood an admirer, patriotism a follower, the memory and name of Gen. Ambrose Ransom Wright will be held sacred and kept green.

Maj. Ganahl moved that the eulogy of Judge Gibson be spread upon the minutes of the Court. Adopted.

On motion of Mr. Hull, a copy was requested for publication in the city papers.

## DIRGE.

## Greeley and Wright.

One at life's summit,  
One at its base,  
By the same target,  
Closing their race.

One in life's evening,  
One in its prime ;  
Mighty hearts beating  
Double quick time.

Hill of ambition,  
Toilsome to climb,  
Lowlier position  
Suits life's decline.

Yet buoyant in feeling  
And counting no cost,  
Age, with care reeling  
Brain overtossed.

Life partner dying,  
Youth's love all quenched ;  
Autumn winds sighing,  
Heart strings sore wrenched,

Break in their tension,  
Cry "It is done !"   
"Vanity—vanity  
Under the sun."

Grief of a nation,  
Weep at his tomb ;  
A goodly oblation,  
To pour in earth's womb.

\* \* \*

Higher and higher,  
Man in his prime,  
Mounted the ladder ;  
Fame grasped in time.

Seeth no shadow ;  
Heareth no tread.  
Of coming to-morrow  
To say "he is dead !"

Giddy the height proves.  
Rest him awhile,  
Deep are the heart grooves  
After life's smile.

Tell him of victory ?  
He heareth it not !  
Life's busy history  
Heedeth he not !

Gather our sackcloth ;  
The record is true ;  
"What shadows we are,  
And what shadows pursue ?"

\* \* \*

AUGUSTA, December 21, 1872.

## IN MEMORIAM.

GENERAL A. R. WRIGHT

OBIT 1872.

## I.

Room for the great heart stilled too soon,  
O, earth! upon thy sacred breast!—  
Yet, what hath HE to do with rest,  
Whose course but touched its radiant noon?

## II.

With *half* his glorious journey done,  
Death's signal trumpet pierced his ear ;  
He bowed his head, "O Death! I hear;"  
And passed beyond our mortal sun.

## III.

But mark how bright with vital flame  
The ways on earth his spirit trod ;  
What though that spirit rests in God ;  
To us he leaves his stainless fame:

## IV.

Fame plucked from lists of carnage dread,  
Or, nurtured, when the strife did cease,  
In civic halls, and fields of peace,  
Whose verdant laurels crowned his head.

## V.

With double lustre; wide and far  
Proclaiming, *lo ! a chief of men ;*  
*Who nobly wrought with sword and pen,*  
*His guide, Truth's cloudless Polar Star !*

## VI.

The *sword* disused, had sought its sheath ;  
Now drops the *pen* from nerveless hands,  
And all around the sorrowing lands  
Are cries of woe and types of death !

## VII.

O, warrior! once thyself a host—  
Thou still dost live, tho' laid in dust ;  
O, thinker! thou hast left us trust  
In Right and Heaven, tho' all seem lost!

## VIII.

Then, while thy passionate requiem swells,  
A hopeful minor threads the strain,  
Whose sweetness makes less wild the pain  
And yearning of our last farewells !

PAUL H. HAYNE.



SUPERIOR COURT.

Adjournment in Honor of the Memory of Gen. A. R. Wright—Touching Tributes by Hon. W. Hope Hull and Judge J. S. Hook.

The Superior Court met yesterday at 9:30 o'clock, Judge Wm. Gibson presiding.

When the Court had been declared opened, Hon. W. Hope Hull arose and said:

YOUR HONOR—An event has been communicated to me which it is my sad duty to announce to the Court, and to my professional brethren. A distinguished and honored member of this Bar—one whom we all loved and respected—has this morning been taken from us by death. Gen. A. R. Wright is no more. In the midst of his labors, in the prime of his manhood, and just as a new career of usefulness and honor was opened before him, he is cut down, and all of earth, its struggles, its triumphs, and its honors, passes away like a Summer cloud.

But a few days since he was among us in health and strength, of body and of mind, with the clear intellect, the sound judgment, the determined will, all in full activity.

To day he lies silent and insensible, and no more will be seen on the platform or in the forum, no more will take part in the concerns of life.

The community by whom he was so well known and so highly honored, the Bar with whom he has so long mingled in the labors, the struggles, and the amenities of professional life, and by whom he was recognized a leader, must deeply feel the shock of this sudden bereavement. I move, sir, that in honor of his memory, this Court do now adjourn, and that a meeting of the Bar be immediately called, to take suitable action on the occasion.

The motion was seconded by Judge Hook in the following eloquent remarks:

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HONOR—I rise to second the motion of Mr. Hull, but before doing so, permit me to say that this unexpected event fills me, as it does the entire community, with a sense of profound sadness. Never was I more shocked than on yesterday morning when I called at Gen. Wright's residence to inquire after his condition, and learned

from a member of his family that he was dying. I have known him, sir, all my life. We were schoolmates in childhood in the town of Louisville, and from then until now have known him intimately, and have always been impressed by his superior native abilities, energy and force of character. No one who has known him could fail to admire him for his talents, his marked ability and manly valor. On every field of labor and duty he has won for himself the confidence, the admiration, and profound respect of his fellow-citizens. How sad that in the midst of so much usefulness, in the prime and vigor of his physical and intellectual manhood, and with the dawn of a still more brilliant future just opening before him, he should be suddenly stricken down,

And all his virtue and his promise fair,  
Should seek the grave to sleep forever there.

It is known to us all (and the fact gives an additional mournful cast to this mysterious dispensation) that Gen. Wright had just passed through an exciting political campaign, in which he displayed signal ability, and received a large vote, whereby he was triumphantly elected to fill one of the most important positions in the National Council. What a disappointment to his friends who looked forward with pride and confidence to his future career upon that high arena, where, they felt assured, he would add fresh lustre to his already shining laurels and do noble service to the State of Georgia, that had honored him as one of her chosen representatives. But there is still a sadder view, in which our hearts compel us to contemplate this mournful event, for while the community is deeply moved and friends mourn, there are those to whom he sustained the nearest and dearest relations of life, whose hearts are completely overwhelmed by this, to them, irreparable loss. To them he was all in all—their love and pride centered in him; and yet he is taken from them, and their home circle is made desolate. But I forbear, simply invoking the consolations for that smitten household that the great Disposer of events alone can give! It is no wonder, in view of this unexpected and untimely death, and these circumstances, so well calculated to awaken our tenderest sympathies and sensibilities, that we find this whole community

wearing the expression of sadness and deep regret. May it please your Honor, General Wright has been stricken down in the prime of his manhood and with a bright future before him. Let us all stand admonished that no circle is exempt from the approach of the grim destroyer—that neither talents, nor fame, nor great usefulness, can stay his hand; and let us so act and so live that when we, too, shall be summoned hence, we may die, as he has died, respected and esteemed by all who know us. I second the motion of Mr. Hull, that this Court do now adjourn.

Judge Gibson then declared the Court adjourned to the 6th proximo.

### Meeting of the Bar.

AUGUSTA, December 21, 1872.

After the adjournment of the Superior Court, a meeting was held by the members of the Bar, for the purpose of taking some action in regard to the death of General A. R. Wright.

Upon motion of Major Cumming, Judge Gould was called to the Chair. Mr. Hilliard moved that Davenport Jackson, Esq., act as Secretary. The motion was put and carried.

The Chairman then announced the meeting organized.

Whereupon Judge Hilliard arose and suggested, in a few eloquent remarks, Gen. Wright's death, and moved that a committee of three be appointed by the Chair to draft suitable resolutions relative to the sad calamity, and report at that meeting.

Judge Gibson offered an amendment, to the effect that the report be rendered at the next term of the Superior Court. This amendment was accepted, and the motion thus altered passed unanimously.

The Chair accordingly appointed Judge Hilliard, Mr. Hope Hull and Judge Hook on the Committee.

Major Cumming moved that the members of the Bar attend General Wright's funeral in a body. This was also carried unanimously, and the meeting then adjourned.

WM. T. GOULD, Chairman.

DAVENPORT JACKSON, Secretary.

### IN MEMORIAM.

At a meeting of the "Macon Volunteers," held at the armory of the company, in Macon, Ga., the committee appointed by Capt. George S. Jones, to draw up suitable resolutions in relation to the death of General A. R. Wright, made the following report, which was, on motion, unanimously adopted:

The relations which in former years existed between the "Macon Volunteers" and their gallant leader, whose sudden death has cast a shade of sorrow over every patriot heart throughout our land, were of a nature calculated to endear us to him in no ordinary manner.

Early in the struggle for independence he drew the sword, which was never sheathed until the cause he loved so well was lost; and from the beginning almost to the very end, our own loved corps was never called upon to face the enemy, or to endure the privations of the tented field, without having General Wright to lead them on to victory, or to encourage them in the midst of their own hardships and their country's disasters.

Our General was no ordinary man. The reputation for gallantry and discipline which early in the war attached itself to "Wright's Brigade" was due, in an eminent degree, to his untiring energy, to the strength of his individuality, and to the rapid development of that military genius which had only needed occasion to kindle into a flame. The "Macon Volunteers" were proud to be known as belonging to his brigade, and they are proud now to remember that when well-deserved promotion necessarily sundered, to a certain extent the intimacy of his association with us, his interest in our welfare, as a company and as individuals, never flagged for a moment. It is not the object of this report to sketch the life of the gallant warrior and noble statesman who has so suddenly left us, for that life has passed into the history of our own State and of the country at large.

He loved Georgia and she delighted to honor him. He loved the people of Georgia, and they had but a short time since given him a striking evidence of their appreciation of the fact, that his merit as a statesman was none the less marked than his distinction as a soldier and the wail of sorrow that has gone up

at his sudden death, from the stricken hearts all over our wide country, gives still higher evidence of the loss that country has sustained.

Pages might be written upon the life and character of such a man, but we forbear, and would only ask in conclusion to submit the following resolutions :

*Resolved, 1st.* That the members of the "Macon Volunteers" as a company, and as individuals, have heard with profound sorrow of the death of their beloved and gallant leader, General A. R. Wright, and feeling as we do, that we can sincerely sympathize with his afflicted family—and mourning his loss to ourselves and country—we offer to his

stricken ones all the sympathy of which our hearts are capable in their great and abiding trial.

*Resolved, 2d.* That this report be placed upon the minutes of our Company, and that the Secretary send a copy of the same to the family of General Wright, as a slight token of the high place he occupied in the affections, and will ever occupy in the memories of "the Macon Volunteers."

Respectfully submitted.

Lieutenant BEN B. SMITH,  
Private THOS. C. GRESHAM,  
Private W. W. WRIGLEY.

MACON, GA., January 11, 1873.



# MEMORIAL VERSES ON GEN. A. R. WRIGHT.

BY ANNIE BLOUNT PARDUE.

One more gallant soldier who proudly wore  
"the Gray,"  
One more sturdy patriot, who kept the foe at  
bay,  
Has fallen by the wayside—the march of life  
too long,  
Has given the name true Southrons love, to  
History and Song.  
The earthly fight is over, where he bore so  
brave a part;  
Death smote, as if reluctant, to still so leal a  
heart;  
No cannon's roar disturbed his dreams, no drum  
notes loud and deep,  
Life's conflict closed, he sheathed his sword,  
and calmly fell asleep.

The voice which rang in clarion tones, espous-  
ing Freedom's cause,  
Which often woke to rapture's pitch the multi-  
tude's applause,  
Is hushed—like harp whose golden chords some  
careless hand hath broke,  
As vain we touch its tuneless wires sweet music  
to invoke.  
No more like liquid melody those silver tones  
will roll,  
And thrill, with magic power spell-bound, a  
nation's earnest soul,  
No more the woods will echo, as of yore, in  
party fight,  
Democracy's great rallying cry: "Hurrah for  
General Wright!

The CHRONICLE is draped in black! his vigorous  
pen is still,  
And thousands who delighted to obey their  
leader's will  
Will miss that hand, which fought for right,  
and friend or foe spared not;  
Which left no record here that he would "dying,  
wish to blot."  
Perhaps he erred—as mortals will—in judgment  
or in act,  
Perhaps on impulse spoke some word cool  
reason would retract;  
But never truer patriot passed beneath the  
chastening rod;  
Upon his heart, in gold, was graved, "My  
Country and my God!"

Georgia has lost a gallant son—one 'twas her  
pride to claim;  
Tho' mourning in her widow's weeds, bowed  
down with grief, not *shame*,  
She yet could point to one who dared defend  
her to the last;

Who when the mighty wave of civil strife ran  
high and fast,  
As in the old "Third Georgia days" rang out his  
battle cry:  
"The Southland bleeds at every pore—*men*, can  
you see her *die*?  
Her ship is on the breakers—fierce and wild the  
tempest blows—  
But 'sink or swim'—let every son defend her  
from her foes.

"I'll cling yet to her war-worn deck while one  
frail plank remains,  
And shed my heart's blood—if there's need—to  
wash away the stains  
Her proud escutcheon bears to-day from recre-  
ant hands who fawned  
On her in fortune's gala-days; then traitorously  
pawned  
Her honor for the dross of gain—down with the  
bastard crew!  
Rally, *true sons*, as when of yore, *the Gray*  
against *the Blue*.  
While in the old land there remains one spark  
of life and light  
Unfurl her banner to the breeze—the sacred  
Flag of Right!"

Ambition's fever-dream is o'er—the patriot's  
heart is still!  
Within a Senate's halls those clear, command-  
ing tones will thrill  
A listening crowd no more, nor sway with magic  
eloquence—  
Georgia has one strong voice the less to plead  
in er defense.  
O! fatal year that robbed the world of many a  
sparkling gem,  
Old "seventy-two" right royally has set his  
diadem;  
The ranks of learning and of science he hath  
rified well;  
Stars! ye were bright, and shone with power,  
yet at death's touch ye fell.

Oh! if the "roll" were called again of "Wright's"  
far-famed "brigade",  
How few would answer to their names—how  
many cold are laid!  
In that far better land above, where wars are  
known no more,  
Their "General" will meet a host of "brave  
boys" gone before.  
In that sweet land of peace, thank God! nor  
"Blue" nor "Gray" is known;  
They kneel as brothers, linked in heart, 'round  
the eternal throne.  
When the great roll is called of those who've  
conquered in the fight,  
The fight of Faith—may he respond—brave,  
leal, pure-hearted Wright!



